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"LOOK OUT FOR MELTING HOPES ABOUT THIS TIME."—*Old Politician's Almanac.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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SPOILS AND WASTE.

WE have repeatedly called the attention of our readers to the excellent plan of Postmaster-General WILSON contemplating the consolidation on a large scale of smaller and contiguous post-offices with the larger full-delivery offices, putting the former as mere postal stations in charge of clerks. This important reform has successfully been carried out in several places, and at once produced the beneficent results predicted by the Postmaster-General. But in seeking to extend it, Mr. WILSON found that it was necessary to induce Congress so to arrange the appropriations to be made for the postal service as somewhat to increase the appropriation for clerks, while the appropriation for postmasters was by a greater amount to be reduced. Mr. WILSON, therefore, on February 21st, addressed a letter to the Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads of the House of Representatives, setting forth what he had done, and what he asked of Congress to enable him to do to a greater extent. He submitted an exhibit showing the result of the consolidation of ninety-four offices during the fiscal year 1894-5, and the substitution therefor of seventy-four stations in charge of clerks. He pointed out how, by such consolidations, he had largely increased postal facilities for the people of the localities concerned, introduced a prompter and more businesslike mode of accounting, considerably diminished the expenditures of the service, and effected a far more vigilant and adequate administration and supervision of the stations from the local central offices than was possible from the department at Washington. From the results thus obtained he concluded that the consolidation of about 2000 of the smaller post-offices in the same manner would save to the government annually nearly three-quarters of a million dollars. To enable him to go on with a measure so obviously advantageous to the people in various ways, he recommended that Congress reduce the appropriations for the salaries of postmasters by two millions, and in place thereof increase by one and one-half millions the appropriation for clerk hire.

It is worth the while of every citizen interested in public concerns as a tax-payer attentively to study this case. Here is a Postmaster-General who demonstrates to Congress beyond the possibility of contradiction that he has successfully begun a reform which "strengthens and improves the postal organization, by introducing, through a natural and easy development of the existing system, competent local supervision, responsibility, and control"; which "lessens, by a large amount, the necessary expenditure for the postal service, with the certainty that this decrease will gradually swell into millions of dollars annually"; which "improves and increases the postal facilities of the people," and consequently "improves and increases the revenues of the Post-office Department." And to continue and extend a reform securing to the people such important advantages, he asks of Congress not more money, but less—in this instance half a million less; he only asks that a part of the appropriation for the salaries of postmasters be transferred to the appropriation for the payment of clerk hire. This is all.

Might it not be expected that every member of Congress having the least regard for the interests of the people would jump at such a chance to confer a manifest benefit upon his constituents, not only in the way of improved service, but also in the way of economy? Was it not his obvious duty to do so? Unquestionably. But only very few members of Congress made that jump. In the House of Representatives the recommendation of the Postmaster-General was smothered in the committee to which it was addressed. In the Senate an amendment favoring it was moved to the Post-office Appropriation bill, but it encountered fierce opposition. The head and front of that opposition was the man who never fails to rise up against any sound reformatory measure—Mr. GORMAN of Maryland, the notorious wrecker of tariff reform and of the Democratic party. We may thank him for blurting out the true motive of the opposition to this plan. "It may be all right," said he, "and it may be a wise provision; but I am opposed to abolishing these offices—the minor post-offices—for the purpose of putting them under the civil service. That is all there is in it; that is the incentive and the motive—to get these small offices into the classified service."

There it is, then. The spoils politician fights tooth and nail against a reform which is shown to simplify and improve the service, to furnish vastly better postal facilities to the people, and to save large amounts of money—in the course of time many millions annually—merely to keep his hold on the post-offices as political plunder. This system must not be extended *because* it would rescue many post-offices from the wasteful and demoralizing rule of spoils politics and put them upon a sound business basis. Economy and efficiency of the service must be sacrificed *because* they would benefit the public instead of serving the members of Congress or other political chiefs who want to put into the post-offices and feed at the public crib their henchmen. Of course Mr. GORMAN also had much to say about the dangers of centralization springing from such a measure as that pushed forward by Mr. WILSON, while it is on its very face intended not to centralize, but effectually to decentralize the administration of the postal service. Neither will Mr. GORMAN deceive any sane person by the old nonsense about the imminent failure of republican government if the offices are filled with men of ascertained fitness instead of political workers or the slavish creatures of party bosses. But Mr. GORMAN has succeeded once more as the Mephistopheles of the Democratic party in seducing a large majority of Democratic Senators to follow his lead, and not only to defeat, with the aid of the Populists and some Republicans, the provision asked for by the Postmaster-General, but even to pass an amendment to the appropriation bill restricting the consolidation of post-offices to the corporate limits of towns or cities.

This obstructive amendment to the Post-office Appropriation bill went to the House of Representatives for concurrence. What its fate will be there we do not know at this writing. But we do know that every member of Congress who in this or any other way blocks the beneficent reform undertaken by the Postmaster-General, wantonly and wickedly robs the people of the benefit of an economy which in the course of time would amount to many millions a year, and of an improvement of the service certain to insure to the public a most valuable increase of postal facilities. And he does this as an unscrupulous beneficiary, or as an abject slave of that spoils system which every observing man knows to be the most prolific source of political debasement and scandal. Here is one of its characteristic fruits. Is it not time that the American people should make an end of this shameful abomination?

THE MAN AND THE PLATFORM.

IN his letter to the Chairman of the Democratic State Committee of Massachusetts Mr. CARLISLE refuses to authorize his friends to announce him as a candidate for the Presidential nomination. He adds the opinion that his "duty to the party will be best performed by declining to participate in a contest for the nomination." He expresses himself as much more concerned in his party's "declaration of principles than in its selection of candidates, because," he continues, "in my opinion its failure or success at the election, as well as its capacity for useful service to the country in the future, depends upon the position it takes, or omits to take, upon the public questions affecting the monetary system of the country and the character or amount of taxation to be imposed upon our citizens."

A letter from Mr. CARLISLE on the subject of his candidacy, sooner or later, was inevitable. If the Democratic party is to carry the coming election it must nominate as a candidate a man who is identified with the policy of the present administration, or who represents what it has stood for in the struggles between silver and honest money, and between the communists of protection and the enlightened and liberal policy of commercial freedom and extension. Naturally Mr. CARLISLE—who was chosen to the Speakership on the tariff issue, and who divides with Mr. CLEVELAND the honors of the financial policy of the administration—is the most prominent of those from among whom the Democratic party must select a candidate if it is to have any chance whatever of success.

Mr. CARLISLE refuses to make a contest for the nomination. In assuming this attitude he shows that respect for the Presidency and for himself that ought to be characteristic of every man deemed worthy to be a Presidential candidate, but which is now so foreign to our leading politicians that, because the Secretary of the Treasury refuses to announce that he is "in the fight, and in to stay," some newspapers at once interpret the letter to mean that he declines the nomination in advance. Mr. CARLISLE simply says that he will not contest for delegates, that he will remain at Washington and perform his public duties, and that he cannot approve of any platform that does not take sound positions on the money and the tariff questions. In other words, Mr. CARLISLE will not accept a nomination on a platform containing an unsound or a double-dealing currency plank. He will stand on the record of his public services. If he is to be a candidate, his nomination must be an endorsement of those services, and the party must express that in its platform.

This is a declaration of principle that revives faith in the future of the republic, especially as it comes at a time when the leading candidates of the Republican party do not dare to utter any opinion on the most important question that will be discussed in the coming campaign. Mr. CARLISLE has rendered a real service to the country in insisting that his party shall declare for sound money if he is to be its candidate. No Republican candidate except Mr. MORTON would do this; at least no one of them has done it, unless it be Mr. MORTON, speaking through the platform adopted at the Republican State Convention of New York. It is, however, not quite true that the man is of comparatively little importance. At this time both the man and the platform are of the greatest moment.

Whatever the party platforms may be, the sound-money sentiment of the country ought to insist on voting for the candidate whose position on this important issue is the soundest. In the next House of Representatives there will doubtless be a large majority against the free coinage of silver, but there is little reason to expect a better Senate than we have at present. There prevail in that body not only an ignorance that seems incapable of enlightenment, but selfish interests in silver mines and absolute indifference to the demands of the country as they are expressed in the election of members of the popular branch of Congress. It is very likely that the duty of protecting the credit of the government will devolve upon the President during the next administration, as it has devolved upon Mr. CLEVELAND during this. The next President ought to be as firm as Mr. CLEVELAND has been in his purpose to employ all the powers bestowed upon him to prevent the government from losing its place among the honest powers of the world, and to check the tendency of our bad currency system to carry us to a silver basis. When it is recollected that Mr. CLEVELAND has been able to save the country from dishonor, and its business interests from even a worse fate than has come upon them, the vital importance of electing a sound-money man as President is evident. Fortunately the currency laws of the country permit the President to supply wants which Congress refuses to meet. He may issue bonds that will maintain the gold reserve, and necessarily supply the deficiency in the revenues. He accomplishes this end at unnecessary expense, and in the face of the opposition of the silver men. It will doubtless be necessary, if the credit of the country is to be maintained, for the next President to follow Mr. CLEVELAND'S admirable example. In case Congress should continue to refuse to come to the aid of the Treasury, would Mr. MCKINLEY, if he were President, take advantage of the existing laws for the maintenance of the gold standard? Would Mr. REED? Would Mr. CULLOM? Would Mr. ALLISON? Would Mr. HARRISON? The inevitable answer to these questions shows how necessary it is that sound-money men should demand that the platform be interpreted by the candidate who stands upon it.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE CUBAN RESOLUTIONS.

It is to be hoped that the President will not be influenced by the Cuban resolutions which have finally been passed by Congress. There is no reason why he should do anything in consequence of them that he would not have done if they had failed to pass. He knows whether there is any evidence in the possession of the government that will sustain him in issuing a proclamation of belligerency, and none of the Representatives who voted in favor of the resolutions, unless it be members of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, have a particle of proof of that fact. If the members of the committee have any evidence, they have concealed their knowledge from their fellow-Representatives. The only official evidence that has been before Congress during the debate is House Document No. 224 of this session. Under the date of February 11 it contains the Secretary of State's reply to a resolution passed by the House of Representatives on the 28th of December. This document was in the hands of the members some time during the week on which Mr. Hitt brought in the resolutions that were first passed by the House, and which the Senate refused to accept. The evidence afforded by it shows that the Cuban insurgents were not belligerents within the meaning of the law, and that the Spanish authorities were then doing their utmost to protect the property of American citizens in Cuba against the attacks of incendiary insurgents. It is possible that evidence of another kind could have been procured, but Document 224 furnished positively all the official evidence concerning the insurrection that was before Congress when the Senate and the House passed their several resolutions, and when the House finally accepted the Senate resolutions after having once declared against them.

As the matter stands, Congress has acted without knowledge in expressing an opinion on a subject entirely outside of its jurisdiction. Such an opinion is entitled to no more respect than if it had been uttered by a mass-meeting of casual and ignorant citizens, whose imaginations had been inflamed by the superheated words of orators as ignorant as themselves. And it is a fact known to many that some of the Congressional orators felt no real fervor, because they had no real faith in their cause. They spoke and they and their associates voted as they did because they thought that the country wanted the insurgents recognized. They will probably find later on that they have once more misunderstood the people.

The second resolution, urging the President to offer to Spain the friendly offices of the United States for the recognition of the independence of Cuba, is the height of impertinence, coming as it does from men who have already demonstrated their unfriendliness to Spain in their speeches and by passing the resolution asserting belligerency when they confessedly had no evidence of the fact of belligerency. Mr. Dingley is recorded as voting for the resolutions, and is reported as saying in an interview, after the result of the vote was announced: "Congress has not acted on official information. Its action has been based largely on newspaper reports." Whether Mr. Dingley said this or not it is the truth, and sufficiently indicates the recklessness with which the law-making power has rushed into a statement not only untrue, but essentially unfriendly to Spain. If the President's reported offer of friendly offices is not rejected at once, it will be because Señor Canovas and his associates are the superiors of the men who have thus acted in the heat of ignorance, and feel that they can properly disregard their insults.

DEFENSIVE TACTICS ON THE NILE.

England has just taken another chance in the great African lottery, and most of the civilized world, not excepting a large section of her own people, is speculating on the meaning of the new enterprise in the Nile Valley. The English government says it has become necessary to advance to Dongola because the Dervishes are threatening, or very soon will threaten, to invade Upper Egypt, for the safety of which England holds herself responsible. The spokesman of the cabinet in the House of Commons has also explained that the advance is intended as a friendly diversion in favor of the Italian forces now in danger at Kassala. The French press interprets the expedition to mean a new excuse for continuing the occupation of Egypt, and looks upon the invasion of the Dervishes and the relief of Kassala as so much buncombe. The nations forming the triple alliance have so far endorsed England's action as to assist her in obtaining part of the expenses out of Egyptian funds, apparently under the impression that, whatever else it may do, the expedition is likely, for the time, to be of some service to Italy in her present difficulty with Abyssinia.

These various statements and opinions are unquestionably puzzling. If the Dervishes are really threatening an invasion, it is beyond all question that they would be much more easily beaten on the line of Wady-Halfa, the present frontier, than at Dongola, or any other advanced post on the upper Nile. If the object is really to relieve Kassala, it would seem that something more effective might be devised than an advance of some fifty miles into the country claimed by the successor of the Mahdi, combined with a threat of advancing in September next another hundred and fifty miles to Dongola, which will still leave six hundred miles of practically impassable desert between them and Kassala. It is conceivable that Osman Digna may accept the challenge to fight at Akasheh, and may desert Kassala to do so, but it seems singularly unlikely that he will, until he has first done what he proposes to do there. That in the end the Dervishes will oppose the advance of England to Dongola in force may be taken for granted, whether they had any idea of invading Egypt or not, and it is not easy to escape the conviction that it is the certainty of this result rather than any fear of invasion which lies at the bottom of the whole business. The Dervishes, it may be admitted, are not satisfactory neighbors, and their government of the country which the Mahdi snatched from Egypt is neither civilized nor humane; but whether it is worth while for a nation like England, which has no immediate connection with the matter, to insist upon fighting them on these grounds is a different question. The enterprise, too, like most of these African ventures, is not without its risks. It is at least possible that the lachrymose Egyptian soldiers may before very long find some substantial reason for their fears, and in that case England will find herself committed to a war which may prove both costly and harassing.

MR. PHELPS ON THE VENEZUELA QUESTION.

The speech on the Venezuela controversy which was recently made by ex-Minister Phelps had the very great advantage of clearness and power. It was a weighty utterance, and there is a certain attractive simplicity about the argument that this country ought not to interfere in the affairs of foreign countries except to protect its material interests—itself. There seems, however, to be something more in the Monroe doctrine than the old rule that every nation has the right to defend itself against the acts of other nations that immediately and directly threaten its material well-being. A nation has the right to protect itself against remote consequences, and to guard against such evil results of international neighborhood as may be reasonably conjectured.

For example, it is clearly within the right of the United States to insist that no European power shall extend its territorial possessions on this hemisphere, on the ground that the greater the European interests in America the more likely is America to be involved in European complications—such complications, for instance, as result from the propinquity and actual contact of European nations in Africa. If Europeans are ever to fight in South America as they now threaten to fight in Africa, or even if the quarrelling between them shall be no more than the uncomfortable bickering that threatens to result in war, but that really never does, the United States will find it difficult, if not impossible, to remain outside of the arena of disturbance. We should almost certainly find ourselves involved in the European controversies against which Washington warned his fellow-countrymen.

To come to particulars, this country has the right to object to the increase of British power in America, and to endeavor to prevent it. No one knows better than Mr. Phelps that England is not a good neighbor to the United States. In fact, Mr. Phelps's writings on the seal question have conveyed to a good many minds the impression that he was almost ready to go to extremes in that controversy. It is perfectly sure that war with Venezuela on the boundary question would be absurd, but it is also true that the United States has the right to say that its interests are threatened by every attempt on the part of a European government to bring Europe and European complications nearer to us, by imposing European institutions upon an unwilling American people. Moreover, this is not only the attitude of the present administration, it is the attitude of the people of the United States, and it is recognized as a just and proper attitude by the statesmen of both of the great English parties. It is an established fact so far as the English-speaking world is concerned.

THE SPEAKER'S FRIEND.

Mr. Thomas B. Reed has suddenly become eminent among the many historical characters who have had reason to implore to be saved from their friends since the French marshal first put up that petition to the Grand Monarch. His relentless friend is Senator William Chandler, whose recent procedures have caused some observers to conclude that he was really an enemy of his ostensible candidate—a kind of Foraker-in-the-grass, as it were. These observers say that nobody who was "smart" would have written about his candidate the things that Senator Chandler has written about Speaker Reed without knowing that the things would be injurious to the candidate, and that Senator Chandler is unquestionably smart. This syllogism would no doubt fasten the brand of treachery upon the brow of Chandler, and it is at first sight a plausible syllogism. On closer inspection there appears to be something the matter with the minor premise.

The smartness may well be doubted, from the most worldly and carnal point of view of that Republican politician of New England who thinks to commend himself to his party by appearing in the part of a Silver Jingo. And a Silver Jingo Senator Chandler has for some time openly been. Moreover, when he undertook to explain to an anxious public how the enthusiasm for Reed with which the New Hampshire convention was simmering was kept from ebullition, it was another New England Silver Jingo that he chose as the conduit of his explanation—Senator Lodge, to wit, of Massachusetts, who, in the combination of jingoism and silver, defies competition. True, Senator Chandler has lately defied the British lion in good set terms, worthy of the young Columbian in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. But the happy thought was exclusively Lodge's of uniting the two issues by proposing to go to war with England, or put differential duties on her products, or something, by way of bringing her to a bimetallic basis.

A Presidential candidate in whose interest Senators Chandler and Lodge are in friendly correspondence may well be pitied without impugning in the least the good faith of either of his distinguished supporters. He is already in a parlous state. But the indiscretions of Senator Chandler were nevertheless excessive and exuberant beyond any reasonable expectation. It is well known, for example, that the Speaker is guarding the secret of his opinions on the currency with as jealous care as if he hoped it might die with him. He lets it be known that he regards reticence upon this subject as due to the dignity of his office, although, when he held the office before, his sense of its dignity not only did not prevent him from delivering his opinions upon all political topics freely and sarcastically from the very chair, but did not prevent him from openly "whooping it up" for the McKinley bill and other partisan measures. But he has, at what a cost to himself only he knows, managed to abstain during his present term from talking politics in general, and from saying anything about the currency in particular. He has been so discreet that he could, without too glaring an incongruity, be "named" by the Massachusetts Republicans in connection with a declaration on the currency of the most straightforward and unmistakable soundness, and that he could divide the "naming" of the New Hampshire Republicans with McKinley on an entirely meaningless and cowardly piece of mystification on the same subject. This in itself would have been bad enough. But, to make it worse, enter Senator Chandler with the letter to Senator Lodge, in which, while accusing himself of "cowardice" for having allowed an equal "honorable mention" with that of Reed to be given to McKinley, he not only takes credit to himself for the cowardly currency plank, but declares, as from knowledge, that "Mr. Reed is a bimetallist." Thereby he puts himself in the position either of betraying the most sacred confidence of his principal, and thereby of making his principal look particularly foolish when erected on a sound-money plank like that of Massachusetts, or else of falsely imputing his heresies to his principal. After that such minor indiscretions as "antagonizing" all the surviving friends of President Hayes by contumelious references to him, and raising an issue of veracity with the leader of the "McKinley forces" in New Hampshire, are not worth mentioning. The Speaker is placed in a painful position. His next friend has called him a bimetallist, and when Senator Chandler says bimetallist, everybody knows what he means. Whether he resents this aspersion or submits to it, the Speaker must, it seems, lose votes. It also seems as if the pressure would become too much for him, and that he must part with the secret he had hoped to carry to the grave, or at least to the National Convention.

THEATRE-HAT LEGISLATION IN OHIO.

While civilized people in all the larger American cities have been complaining and lamenting for years over what is known as the theatre-hat nuisance, the Legislature of Ohio has at last set an example to the authorities of all the play-going States by passing a law the purpose of which is to secure an unobstructed view of the stage to every person who occupies a seat in a theatre. Custom has ordained that men shall take their hats off in public assemblies, but that women may keep theirs on. It has never been necessary to make a law suppressing men's hats. Any man who kept his hat on in a well-ordered American theatre would be held to be disorderly and promptly dealt with by the ushers. Because custom was competent to regulate men in the management of their head-gear it has been felt that it ought to be able to regulate women also, and all efforts to abate the obstructive hats of women have heretofore been directed to arouse a strong public sentiment to which all women would bow. These efforts have been to some extent successful. Considerate and intelligent women have of late years realized more and more that obstructive hats were out of place in theatres, and have worn small bonnets or taken their hats off. But the stupid and inconsiderate women still wear as big hats as ever, and care nothing for the discomfort to persons behind them. There is every reason why the Legislature should not interfere with the conduct of these thick-skinned persons, even though taste and right feeling are not effectual forces with them. The bill which the Ohio Legislature has passed makes the manager of every theatre responsible for the comfort of his patrons, but it is also an interference with the personal liberty of the citizen to be ill-mannered if education and breeding and preference make ill manners native to him or her, and in such matters the Legislature can do no real or lasting good by interference.

It is interesting to learn that the passage of this bill is attributed to the influence of women. When it was introduced into the lower branch of the Legislature it was regarded as a joke, but after being modified so that the manager of the theatre became responsible for the obstructiveness of hats, and not the women who wore them, it was passed. In the Senate it halted, and there was a prospect that it would be dropped, until it was warmly advocated by a woman's paper in Cleveland and by a number of influential ladies in Columbus. When the Ohio Senators learned that the bill found favor in the eyes of women, they passed it with only two dissenting votes.

The many-headed bill seeks to impose an irksome duty on theatre managers, which, however, is a duty that ought to be performed by them voluntarily and without the restraints of law.

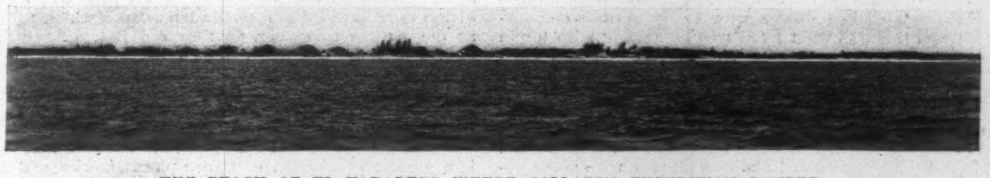
THE MARRIAGE OF MRS. MARY SCOTT LORD DIMMICK AND EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON AT ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1896.—DRAWN BY A. I. KELLER.—[SEE PAGE 391.]

LANDING OF COLLAZO'S FILIBUSTERING EXPEDITION IN CUBA.

EL VARADERO, LOOKING EAST—SUMMER WATERING-PLACE OF CARDENAS, ON THE PENINSULA OF JICACOS.

A LONG narrow strip of land shuts in the bay of Cardenas from the sea on the north. This strip of land, covered with dense thickets, swamps, and lagoons, is the peninsula of Jicacos. At a point where it narrows and forms a slight elevation many of the well-to-do families of Cardenas have built their summer cottages, which together form a pretty place, known as El Varadero. This is the only settlement on the immediate coast between the cape of Jicacos and Matanzas. The stretch of sandy beach along this coast has long been a favorite place for the landing of expeditions. In 1884 Carlos Aguerra landed with his fourteen men just above El Varadero. About three months ago the government ordered a detachment of infantry to be stationed at this place, under command of a subaltern. No one would have thought that on all that coast between Cardenas and Matanzas this little garrison, stationed at a summer watering-place, would have anything either to protect or defend. But the lieutenant posted sentinels across the narrow isthmus, and took possession of a little wooden shanty in the centre of the village, which he turned into a fort by throwing up earth-works on all sides.

This was the condition of things when, on the night of



THE BEACH OF EL VARADERO WHERE COLLAZO'S EXPEDITION LANDED.

the 17th of March, a steamer held her course for the coast midway between the point of Jicacos and Matanzas. The night was dark and stormy, with a strong northwest wind. About midnight the captain announced that they were off the coast, and Collazo and his men prepared to land. Three boats were loaded with arms and ammunition, and the men pulled through the darkness for the shore. It seems a peculiar chance that these men should land in almost the very spot where Aguerra landed nearly twelve years ago.

As the boats grounded, two young men, natives of Cardenas, by the names of Carlos Macia and Juan Menocal, sprang into the surf and started up the beach to locate their position. Scarcely out of the water they ran smack into one of the summer-houses on the beach of El Varadero. With a cry of dismay, Macia turned to his companion with the announcement: "Like Aguerra, we are lost!" They knew that there was but one settlement on the whole of that coast.

The westerly wind had carried them farther to the east than they had intended to go. Returning to the men who were now struggling with the boats in the surf, a hasty consultation was held. There was but one thing to do. Signal the steamer to leave, abandon the boats, and seek a rebel camp. Provided with arms and ammunition, the men took their way cautiously down the beach, with young Macia and Menocal as guides. They had not gone far before they were discovered by the sentinel on guard, who challenged them with the usual "Quien vive?" Young Menocal replied with a rifle-shot, which was followed by three or four other random shots, and the filibusters, believing they had either killed or wounded the sentinel, made a wild rush through the darkness, following as best they could their leader and guides. Passing the village, there is but one way to the mainland, and that is through a shallow lagoon bordered on each side by impassable swamps. Through this lagoon the men hurried, crawling and floundering through the swamp until they reached the country beyond, where they sought a peasant's house

"Where are the insurgents?" they shouted to the frightened occupant, whom they had rudely awakened at the unseasonable hour of morning before even the cock thinks of crowing. The peasant, believing that he had been surrounded by a party of Spanish guerrillas, answered that he did not know. It never once occurred to Collazo to announce who he was, otherwise the arms and ammunition left on the beach of El Varadero might have been saved.

Finally a negro was found to take a message to the rebel camps of the chiefs Tavio and Regino Alfonso. But the negro, seeing that the men were well armed and that they wore uniforms, acting on his own conviction, informed the rebels that the new-comers were Spanish soldiers. Consequently the rebels, instead of going to meet their friends, prepared to receive an enemy.

SPANISH RE-ENFORCEMENTS FROM CARDENAS GUARDING THE CAPTURED ARMS AND AMMUNITION AT EL VARADERO.

In the mean time Don José Taboada, the lieutenant in command at El Varadero, hearing the shots fired at the sentinel, hastened to investigate the cause. The sentinel informed him that he had been fired at by parties coming from the east whom he could not distinguish in the darkness. This was puzzling to the officer, for he could not understand how the enemy could get to the east of him. After inquiring carefully into all the circumstances connected with the shots, the lieutenant doubled his sentries and awaited daylight. With the first streak of daylight he began a careful examination of the beach, and it was not long before he discovered the footprints of Collazo's men. These led him to the farther end of the village, where the boats were still grounded in the surf with their precious cargo. Lieutenant Taboada was not only surprised but elated at his find, and immediately proceeded with his soldiers to land the boxes and barrels upon the beach. Then two ox-carts were obtained, and the job of conveying the abandoned arms and ammunition to the fort was commenced.

This work continued until about nine o'clock, when the line of sentinels on duty across the isthmus discovered the enemy returning from the mainland with re-enforcements. The lieutenant gave orders to unload the carts, which were already in front of the fort, while he advanced with the bulk of his force to meet the insurgents. He took up a position in a cocoanut grove by the side of the road, where he returned the fire of the Cubans with the loss of one soldier. Seeing that the enemy was coming down on him in greater numbers than he could withstand, he ordered a retreat. Once behind his intrenchments he could defy the enemy, who made three distinct attacks upon the fort during the day. But it seemed impossible for the insurgent leaders to induce their men to make a charge which would carry the defences. Lieutenant Taboada told me that he could hear the blows and words of the rebel chiefs in their efforts to get their men to charge. But it was all useless, for the men would only circle around at a comparatively safe distance, firing round after round of ammunition at the wooden shanty that rose in the centre of the earth-works.

A young rebel chief by the name of Basilio Alfonso, more foolhardy than wise, followed by two others, undertook to ride by the fortifications. A volley from the soldiers and the daring youth fell from his horse, wounded to death. While the rebels ceased hostilities the lieutenant ordered the wounded man to be brought into the fort. His first words were of supplication, begging not to be killed with the machete. The officer replied that he did not kill wounded and defenceless prisoners, but that he should have the same treatment as his own wounded soldiers. Accordingly the insurgent was placed by the side of the two Spanish soldiers who had been wounded, one in the field and the other while looking over the barricade.

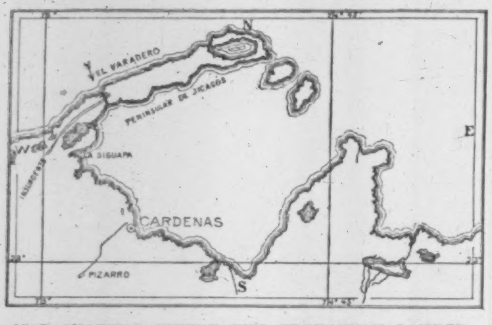
Considering also that only a short time previously three of his soldiers were literally cut to pieces by the insurgents, who had come upon them suddenly, Taboada's ac-

LIEUTENANT TABOADA AND HIS MEN IN THE COCOANUT GROVE, Holding off the Insurgents while the Carts containing the captured Arms and Ammunition were being unloaded.

SPANISH SOLDIERS DEFENDING THE BARRACKS AT EL VARADERO AGAINST THE INSURGENTS' ATTACKS.

tion was contrary to all previous accounts of the revengeful actions of the Spaniards on like occasions.

The insurgents made their last attack upon the trenches about four o'clock in the afternoon, after which they withdrew. Re-enforcements for Lieutenant Taboada arrived from Cardenas, and no further attempt was made to get possession of the captured arms and ammunition, which



MAP SHOWING WHERE THE EXPEDITION LANDED.

were conveyed to Cardenas and thence to Havana. Two of the boats belonging to the expedition were towed to Cardenas, while the third was broken up on the beach as worthless. The boxes which the lieutenant had not succeeded in getting into the fort were broken open, and their contents taken by the insurgents.

Officially the government claims to have taken 135 boxes of Remington cartridges, 9 boxes of Winchester and Remington arms, 14 tin boxes containing medicines, 2 small boxes supposed to be fulminates for exploding dynamite, and 20 knapsacks containing clothing, shoes, etc.

The country between Cardenas and Matanzas is practically in the hands of the insurgents. Here at Cardenas we have been for a week without any mail, and at last the Spanish in command have given up attempting to get trains through except by the line to Jovellanos. The insurgents are so near the city that they have taken the horses from the carriages on the way to the cemetery, and it is no longer deemed safe to use horses in the funeral processions. Every day the few passengers coming here on the trains report seeing the insurgents in the distance, or tell of being fired upon by them. At night their fires illuminate the horizon, while it is reported by the natives that the Spanish officers, enraged by their want of success in putting down the insurrection, scurry about the country butchering peaceable country people. Men are frequently found swinging from the branches of trees by a bit of hempen rope, to whom the Spanish point as examples of insurgent cruelty, while the Cubans say these are robbers or other villains who have received the just punishment for their crimes. T. R. DAWLEY, JUN.

LIFE AND LETTERS

THE spring openings, if I may call them so without offence, at the American Artists and the National Academy, have this year, as in former years, given me many and varying impressions, which have been for the most part very pleasant. I do not like to say more than this because I doubt whether it would be critical, and in speaking of pictures I like always to be critical. That is the way with us Philistines in matters of art: we are shy of a real emotion from a painting or a statue, for fear it may be an ignorant emotion, and we wish above all to be knowing, and not to indulge ourselves in a delight which we shall find unauthorized. For my own part I wish to take my catalogue, and begin at the first picture, and go carefully round the whole gallery in that order, making little marks in the book against the titles of the pieces that have struck me, but keeping to myself any joy I may feel in them till I can find some one who knows enough to sanction it for me. Usually one can find such a person easily, for artists go a great deal to art shows, and they are quite frank with their opinions. If you ask them they will tell you what they think, and you must be very amiable indeed, if you are more kindly than they toward anything that is the least hopeful. I am always glad when I find, in the light of their knowledge, that I have not gone wrong in my likings or mislikings, and I instantly change them if I have. This saves time, and you need not have committed yourself in getting at an impression that you can be lastingly proud of. You have only to say, "Didn't you think that *The Splash in the Pool*, there in the first room, was rather interesting?" Or, "How did you like Boheme's *Clad in the Beauty of a thousand Stars?*" Your artist friend will probably say of one, "Yes, that was rather nice—nice feeling," and of the other, "Oh, beastly thing," and there you have an emotion worth having. Sometimes your friend will volunteer an opinion, or take you to look at something he has liked very much. This is pure gain, and it breaks up the formality of your numerical progress round the rooms, and gives you the sense of seeing the things in an original way. You can really get a great deal out of such a guide if you freely let him have the lead, and you can come away with impressions that you can safely impart in talking with other people about the show.

I.

I think, though, that one ought to be very, very careful to keep one's feelings about the pictures from such an artist friend, until one learns from him whether to have them or not. It would be terribly discouraging to the poor fellows who paint pictures, and have enough discouragements within themselves, to realize how deeply and enduringly ignorant of all they mean and wish in their work we Philistines are. Commonly I should say that we have no feeling at all in the presence of their work, and that at heart we go from it as cold and empty as we came. That may be the fault of the painter in this case or that, but mostly I suppose it is because art speaks a language that we have not learned, and that some of us never can learn. For this reason, I find it best to be extremely general, to keep my specific opinions modestly in the background; and whenever I write of picture shows, I prefer not to say anything about the pictures which cannot be taken in one way as well as another.

I find that I cannot otherwise be honest about them, and I wish at any cost to be honest. Besides, is it not rather invidious to make distinctions, to praise this thing and to blame that? The opening at the American Artists gave me a great deal of pleasure, as I began by saying, and so did the opening at the National Academy, and I am not going to discriminate even so far as to compare the two. If I did compare them, though, I should say that the level of the Artists seemed evener if not higher than that of the Academy, but that certain painters who contributed to the excellent quality of the Artists, as a whole, were better represented at the Academy. I am not sure but there were two or three things at the Academy which were better than anything at the Artists; but then, the Artists never touched the depths of banality which the Academy sounded in several places. At the Artists everything was fresher, moderner, newer, but it wanted the pathos of the old-fashioned work, which I found very great in some of the Academy pieces. A picture of 1856 painted in 1856 will have a certain claim to one's admiration, but a picture of 1856 painted in 1896 can appeal only to one's compassion; and this was what I felt was happening with me in several cases at the Academy. In the presence of such pictures, the pathos sometimes became a pang; the heart was wrung for the art that had outlived its time; and one asked one's self whether it would not have been kinder to keep them out altogether. Really, these poor things had almost a frightened air to the eye of sympathy when it found them confronted at the Academy with some impressionistic pieces ranker and rawer than any impressions at the Artists.

In fact, impressionism at the Artists is more and more subdued, while at the Academy it seems not to have abated the least of its claims to the whole rainbow. Perhaps this is so because somehow you do not expect to meet it at the Academy at all, or because in contrast with those smooth and dapper little 1856 inspirations, it seems more insistent than it really is. Now that I come to think of it, I can recall seeing in times past many impressionistic pieces far more strident than those at the Academy, and I fancy that it is the prevailing quiet of the other pictures there that makes them seem so loud. But while some kindred effects at the Artists gave me the sense of an artistic fanaticism softening into an artistic faith, the impressions at the Academy imparted a sense of the first wild aggression. I found myself rebellious before them, and though I knew very well that as a Philistine I had no right to have any opinion, not even a good opinion, of them, I could not help saying to myself, "Yes, that may be a valuable way of looking at the fact, but I doubt if it is the true way of reporting it. These new fellows have seen some things that the old fellows never saw, but I do not believe they have seen half the things they say they have. Because they paint in pure color, there is no reason to suppose that there are new heavens and a new earth; at least not so fire-new."

II.

But always I wish to express such ideas of mine, if they are ideas, very diffidently, and I should be sorry if any one were influenced by them, even another Philistine. I do not see why one should not go to a picture show with a mind both empty and open; it is much better than to have it filled with a clutter of preoccupations. The effort to be critical, at first hand or at second hand, is very straining; it makes one cross, and keeps one from doing such small measure of justice as one ignorantly might to the pictures one has come to look at. After all, they are not there to be criticised, primarily; they are there to be enjoyed, and if you please, to be bought. The people who painted them know a thousand times better than any one else can know where they are weak and where they are strong. Each is there because it was the best that the artist had to show, and because the committee thought it good enough to be shown. These facts form in themselves a body of favorable criticism which may very well make us Philistines ready if not eager to like the work shown, and I really think we shall gain more by liking it than by disliking it; we shall certainly find more in it if we like it.

Of course, I do not go in for liking a picture that is wholly bad, but it rarely happens that one is asked to do this either at the Artists or at the Academy; and when at one or the other I suffered myself to consider how much gift, how much skill, how much work went to some poorish achievement, I was ready to beg its pardon for having thought slightingly of it. At one or other of these galleries, I need not say which, I met a friend one day who was going about making little marks in his catalogue, as I was, but I fancy with far more right than I had; and we instantly asked each other if we had ever seen such a lot of frightful rubbish. Then we sat down on a lounge, which I found very comfortable, and from the height of our own aloofness began to patronize the thought of the poor fellows who had done the common run of pictures that had tired us so. We wondered what became of them, especially after they got to be old stories, and had settled down to the kind of thing that they could do best but that was not the kind of thing people ever, or any longer, liked best. We wondered what became of the common run of pictures in the shows which nobody praised and nobody bought, and which had to go back to the studios they came from. We talked of the long years of hard work which it cost to equip a man or a woman to do the things we spurned and which must end in disappointment and defeat at last. We spoke of the things that were nearly great, but not quite, and that seemed the most melancholy failures of all. We could not be very cheerful in this inquiry, but I think we both became kindlier. We looked round from where we sat, and picked out several things that seemed rather remarkable. Then we got up, and said that we had seen this and that thing which was worth looking at, and we took each other about, and pointed out the things that had pleased us, and found them all much better than we thought, and in far greater number. Upon the whole, although it was merely personal, I think our last mood was wholesomer than our first, and I am not sure but it was more favorable to a true appreciation of art.

III.

One fact in these spring openings that I fancy will interest the spectator on the human side, is the great number of good things by women. Out of the two hundred and forty-six pieces of all kinds at the Artists fifty-three are by women, who are represented even better in quality, especially in the miniatures, an exquisite kind which they have almost recreated. But in every sort their work had distinction, and at the Academy, where they had but twenty-six pieces out of the whole four hundred and eight, I thought that their work kept a high level more constantly than that of the men. In fact I do not now recall any picture by a woman in either show that seemed to me wholly bad, and I can recall several that I made bold to think amongst the best. Except for the miniatures, and those little statues at the Artists, reflecting certain moods of modern life and fashion so charmingly, there is nothing in the achievement of the women which you would especially predicate of their sex. It is temperament which governs in this as in most other things, and not sex, and the subjects are those which the artists have chosen not because they were women, but because they were people of this or that way of thinking and feeling. They had done some of the most interesting figure pieces, and some of the most faithful and poetic landscapes which prevail at the Artists this year, as they did last. Again the stories that the painters had to tell seem to have been very few; again their portraits of the human face, like their portraits of the face of nature, have been done with imaginative truth, but I do not think there are so many good portraits of the human face as last year.

Still, I am not sure of this, and I am not sure that there is a greater proportion of figure pieces, stories, and portraits at the Academy. There may have been quite as large a proportion of landscapes as at the Artists; I did not count; I have only the impression that it was not quite so large. What I am sure of, at both shows, is the great amount of good work in all kinds, very simply, very wisely, very honestly done, as if for its own sake. I think one notion I got from these openings is that there is at present no fad that rules, either with people who paint pictures or with people who look at them. It seems to be the moment of sincere endeavor in all directions, and the result is the variety of admirable work which it would be very stupid to undervalue. For my own part, now that I recall it as a whole, I am sensible of a vast pleasure from it which I hope is not mistaken.

W. D. HOWELLS.

A GRATIFYING SURPLUS.

IT appears by the last census that there are fifty thousand more women than men in the State of New York. Thoughtless or inaccurate persons might say that New York had fifty thousand superfluous women, or fifty thousand women to spare, but neither of these modes at all expresses the condition of the State. Possibly the State has some superfluous women whom she can spare, but that does not appear in the statement of the census, nor does it follow naturally or by compulsion upon the fact that she has fifty thousand more women than men. Years ago, when New York was one of the "Middle States," we who live in it were wont to read with something like consternation of the disparity in numbers between men and women in Massachusetts. We felt called upon to bewail the lot of the thousands of maids in that commonwealth, for whom in the penuriousness of nature no yoke-fellows had been provided. We were sorry for a State in which such conditions could obtain. We were sorry for so many women necessarily unhusbanded. We wondered who would support them, and rather pitied the Massachusetts men—what there were of them—for having so considerable a burden put on their shoulders. Are any such sentiments entertained to-day about the fifty thousand unmarried women in New York? Is any one sorry for New York because of this discrepancy? Perhaps so. There are always people who laugh in the wrong place, and mischance their lamentations with the same obtuseness. But certainly nobody ought to feel sorry for New York, and no truly sensible people do feel so. Fifty thousand extra men in the State might be fifty thousand men too many, and people might fidget with some reason over such a preponderance of males. States wherein there are many extra men are not very comfortable to live in; every one knows that. But a State which sees all its men provided for and has fifty thousand women left over is felt nowadays to be in a condition of comfort as to the present and of hopefulness as to the future. An accumulation of women is regarded with complacency, as an accumulation of capital might be, and confidence is felt that neither one will be allowed to rest idle.

Single women, especially those who are in some measure confirmed in their singularity, have come to be so very handy as to seem practically indispensable to comfort or progress. In all walks of life, as housemaids, shop-girls, type-writers, cashiers, trained nurses, school-teachers, or reformers, they are a luxury and a blessing. They have a peculiar value in being the freest class of adults that exists in America. They do not earn as much money as their fellow-men, but as a compensation they enjoy increased freedom. If they have means of support, they are much less bound than men are to engross themselves in business or a profession. A young man, even if he has enough money for his own maintenance, is considered to be under moral obligation to put himself in the way of getting at least enough more to marry on. Not so with a young woman. If she has income enough to maintain herself she need not worry about providing for the support of a possible husband. Society expects much of her, but not that. If only her income is sufficient for her own needs, her time is her own, and she is quite at liberty to give it away. She does give it away, too, often to great advantage. As a member of the very limited American "leisure class," she has almost a monopoly of certain activities. How many American families will bear witness that the only real visitors they ever have are spinsters! Men occasionally stop overnight, and hurry back next day to their work; married people look in and hurry home

to their children; but a spinster now and then comes and really visits, bringing a new atmosphere and new echoes into the house. The women who have to work are useful in the community, but the women who have nothing to do are invaluable. They help mothers to raise families; they stay with children while parents take vacations; they carry social pollen from home to home. Most of them no doubt are wage-earners, but Heaven send that the spread of women's occupations may not catch them all, and that a fair proportion of them may remain nominally idle, and so have the more leisure to do other people's work, and less excuse for shirking it! E. S. MARTIN.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT ATHENS.

I HAVE had so many questions asked about the Olympic Games, now being held at Athens, from the 5th to the 15th of April, all of which point to a fundamental misconception of their nature and object, that I think it well, before sending you an account of the actual celebration, to make clear their object and aims.

The misunderstanding which prevails is that they are primarily archæological in their import; that they are to aim at complete historical revival of the ancient games, a kind of archæological show, an acting panorama of the past, a historical object-lesson or spectacle. This is not the case. Nay, the choice of Greece and of Athens as the site of the first quadriennial celebration is not essential to their inception or conception.

The real and practical aim of the international body which formed, and is now carrying into effect, the plan of *modern* Olympic Games is the advancement of *amateur* athletic sports. This is the immediate and direct aim. But this is an ulterior and more indirect, though none the less important, object, which the promoters have had in view from the very outset—an aim which will at once commend itself to all who have the advancement of humanity and civilization at heart, namely, the advancement of international comity, of good-fellowship among nations, in their common delight and interest in the culture of man's physical life, health, and vigor.

The whole movement was initiated by members of the Union des Sociétés Françaises des Sports Athlétiques, among whom must be singled out the Vicomte Léon de Jansé, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, M. Ad de Pallissaux. But the chief brunt of the work seems to have been borne by M. de Coubertin, who has paid frequent visits to England and to the United States in order to study the athletic games and institutions of these countries, has published works on their universities and schools, and has done much to acclimatize games in France. He is the general secretary of the International Olympic Games. The president for the coming first *Olympiad* here at Athens (the next, in 1900, will probably be held at Paris, and the next either in London or in New York) has been appropriately chosen from among the Hellenic people, and here, in M. Bikelas, a Greek patriot of international eminence has been found. He is known as the author of one of the most popular Greek novels, *Lukis Laras*, and the translator of some of Shakespeare's plays into excellent modern Greek.

The congress at which the international committee was finally constituted was opened in the great amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, in Paris, on June 16, 1894, in the presence of two thousand people. The organization of this meeting was in the hands of M. de Coubertin, Mr. C. Herbert (secretary of the British Amateur Athletic Association), and Professor W. M. Sloane, of Princeton, New Jersey. Preliminary meetings had already been held at the University Club, New York, in November, 1893, and at the Sports Club in London, in February, 1894. Its origin has thus been international, and the United States are intimately associated with it from the beginning.

The Paris meeting was presided over by Baron de Courcel, at present French ambassador to the Court of St. James, who delivered an eloquent address. There were forty-nine athletic institutions, from every part of the globe, represented by delegates. Among the honorary members, many of whom were present at the congress, are the King of the Belgians, the Prince of Wales, the Crown-Princes of Sweden and Greece, the Grand-Duke Vladimir of Russia, M. Jules Simon, the Duc d'Aumale, MM. Spuller, E. Lavisse, J. Reinach, F. Passy, Counts de Juigné, de Pourtalès, de Villiers, Lord Dufferin, Lord Aberdare, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and the writer of this article.

The questions laid before that congress for settlement were: (1) Definition of the term amateur. (2) Suspension, disqualification, and requalification of amateurs. (3) Is it just to maintain a distinction between the different sports from the point of view of an amateur, especially for horse-racing (gentleman riding) and pigeon-shooting? Can a man be a professional in one sport and an amateur in another? (4) Of the value of objects of art given as prizes. Is it necessary to limit their value? (5) The question of gate money and its distribution. How far can expenses be paid to amateurs, and by whom? (6) Can the definition of amateur be equally applied to all different sports and games? (7) The question of betting. Is it compatible with "amateurism"? How can its growth be checked?

The general programme of the committee was put in the following terms: "The Olympic Games will be international competitions, establishing a real companionship for the world, in which all sports and forms of physical exercise practised in our days will be represented. They will take place at Athens in 1896, in Paris in 1900, and every following four years in one of the different capitals of the world. Competition will be confined to adults.... and to amateurs only. They will aim at a public and dignified character, the governments of the countries in which they are to be held being asked to give their official support.

"The idea which moved the organizers of an institution which has disappeared for so many centuries is based upon the following considerations: Athleticism, they maintain, has assumed for the last thirty years an importance which is growing with every year; the rôle which it is to play promises to be as great and as lasting in the modern world as in the ancient. Moreover, it reappears with new characteristics; it is international and democratic, and accordingly it responds to the ideas and needs of the present day. But to-day, as formerly, its action will be beneficent or harmful according to the results which may be drawn from it or the direction in which its currents will be led. Athleticism can set in motion the noblest as well as the vilest passions; it can develop disinterestedness and the sentiment of honor as well as the love of gain; it may be chivalrous or mean, manly or bestial; finally, it can be used to consolidate peace as well as to prepare for war. Now, nobility of sentiment, the cult of disinterestedness and of honor, the spirit of chivalry, manly energy, and peace, are the first needs of modern democracies, whether they be republican or monarchical."

At the beginning of this article, in order to counteract the misunderstanding that these games were antiquarian shows, I purposely overstated their independence from their ancient prototypes. As a matter of fact, in spite of their essential connection with modern life and its aims, these Olympic Games are revivals of the spirit and substance of the ancient games, and the noble programme which has just been given was carried out for the ancient Hellenic world by the games of Olympia.

The ancient Olympia Games, from their *historic* origin in 776 B.C., fulfilled the chief purposes which the modern committee have held before themselves in our days, namely, on the one hand, the development of athletics contributing to the physical development of the individual Greek citizens, and, on the other hand, the furthering of friendly feeling among all the Greek states, insisting upon the unity of their civilization and their interests.

The danger which always threatens athleticism, namely, the growth of professionalism, and consequently the degeneration of the games themselves and of the furthering of physical health—this danger is clearly shown in studying the history of the ancient games. Originally the victor received a prize of some marketable value; but the dangers to which this led were soon felt, and at the command of the Delphic oracle such prizes were barred, and for them was substituted the simple olive wreath, cut from the sacred olive-tree with a golden knife by a boy of noble family whose parents were still living.

The original aim of the games, of producing complete and normal health among the Greek men and youths, was endangered by the growth of the "professional" spirit, and the means were converted into the end; the whole life was subordinated to the pursuit of an athletic practice. If we merely follow up the ancient illustrations of Greek athletes in ancient statues, vases, etc., we can trace this process of "professional" degeneration. In the fourth and fifth centuries B.C. the athlete is a man presenting the finest proportions of the human figure; the further we leave this highest period of Hellenic civilization and of their *amateur* sports, and approach the dissolution of their commonwealth and the increase of professional and paid athletes, the more do we find bulky and formless types, in whom the mere muscular development seems to absorb all the vitality of the whole organism.

The history of one of the contests alone, boxing, illustrates the process of degeneration. In the best period *meiliches*—that is, *softeners*, corresponding to our gloves, were introduced; then follows, one stage further in severity, the *imas oxus*, the leather thong wound round the hand; and finally, in the Roman period, the overfed, bulky, paid athlete fought with the *cestus*, studded with leaden balls, which brutally lacerated and often killed a contestant.

It is well to learn from this history and to adopt only the customs of the highest period.

The international spirit of the ancient Olympic Games is expressed in the institution called by them *Ekecheiria*, a sacred truce, established by Iphitos in the eighth century B.C., commanding cessation of hostilities and giving safe-conduct to all who visited the games, even if they were belligerents, through all Hellenic countries. This is the first instance of effective international law, the earliest "Geneva Convention," and we thus owe to the Greeks, as we do the essence of our culture and civilization also, this strong feeling for international peace and arbitration where the barbarous chances of unfettered warlike passion have hitherto prevailed.

Is it too visionary to hope that these games may contribute to the realization of this ideal striving of the nobler citizens in our civilized communities; that they may intensify this longing for a great federation as they will combine all nationalities in peaceful emulation, out of which the physical welfare of our men will ensue?

It is a significant feature of this first celebration that it takes place in modern Athens, the one place where the great modern nations are represented and combined in friendly emulation in intellectual work. The French, the Germans, the English, and the Americans have their schools of classical studies here, which are all doing good work, the American school holding its own in a worthy manner beside its older sister institutions. Greek soil has thus brought us together in the sphere of intellectual effort. It will now do the same for us in the physical sphere of athletic games. CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

CONGRESS'S SINGULAR PROCEDURE.

AFTER months of debate, Congress has resolved that the friendly offices of the United States "should be offered by the President" to Spain for the recognition of the independence of Cuba. But the Washington telegrams say that nothing of the sort will be done, at least for an indefinite time to come. And it is quite certain that nothing has been done by the President in response to Congress's formal explicit request some months ago that he should address the signatories of the Berlin Treaty regarding the outrages in Armenia. Moreover, everybody remembers that even Ambassador Bayard ignored the House's censure of his conduct. Is it any wonder that London correspondents declare such incidents as these to be "utterly unintelligible" to foreigners? Is it quite certain that even Americans thoroughly understand how Congress's resolutions can be treated with such neglect? And whether it is understood or not, is it not clear to everybody—including Congress—that such occurrences are undesirable? It is the least consideration that such debates are very expensive, even in money; for assuredly Congress's time is money. It is more important that the time thus wasted impedes necessary and useful legislation, and that acts like these acerbate our foreign relations. Possibly it is most important of all that such empty fiats, treated with such entire indifference, not only by co-ordinate branches of government, but even by subordinate officials, tend to degrade the authority of Congress and cheapen it both at home and abroad.

Such things did not use to happen. When Congress weighed its words three or four joint resolutions were a yearly average over the first fifty years of the government. But recently resolutions, joint or concurrent, have been introduced by the thousand every year, and passed by hundreds. Concurrent resolutions have been considered such trifling matters that for many years they were not even gathered and preserved in the volumes of laws. Since 1895 Congress has taken a more serious view of itself and its declarations, and now concurrent resolutions are printed like the laws, although still regarded as of inferior authority.

This theory and practice of legislating in grades is not altogether familiar, but it would explain to foreigners the puzzle of our procedure, and serve in some degree to preserve Congress from the degree of contempt, even at home, which would otherwise follow disregard of its mandates. Those having the least acquaintance with our theory of equal co-ordinate branches of government appreciate instantly that the participation of all is necessary to a complete governmental act, and that the failure of either the President or either House to co-operate in legislation either totally nullifies it, as in the case of laws and joint resolutions, or reduces it to a subordinate class, where co-operation is unnecessary, because the order taken is of such inferior quality that it is complete without co-operation, for that precise reason. Laws are of course the highest expression of the national will. Joint resolutions have always been held of scarcely less authority, and have been governed by the same rules and procedure, including transmission to the President for his signature or veto, in accordance with the Constitution. Thus he is compelled to take cognizance of them. Their enacting clause is, "Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled." The enacting clause of the concurrent resolution is, "Resolved, by the Senate (the House of Representatives concurring)." The words of the Constitution seem to require that concurrent resolutions also should be sent to the President. But the extra-constitutional practice has always been to the contrary, for the reason that these resolutions (and those of even less authority, because passed by either House alone) have been usually used for such inferior purposes as taking recesses, or ordering minor contingent disbursements, or asking for departmental information, and so on. Thus it happens that, unless special order is made, only the officers of the two Houses know what they do in this way. In the usual course they are not sent to the President, as they were not to Ambassador Bayard, despite the mention of his name. Thus they are left to the newspapers for their information in this respect, or to a supererogatory inspection of the State Department archives. In other words, they remain in total official ignorance of anything having happened, and Congress thus gratuitously places itself in the position of being treated with silent contempt. There have been outgivings to the effect that Congress does not like this, and mutterings that those guilty of such disrespect would be disciplined in some unmentioned way. But the President is a bad man to drive, and any attempt to force his hand is likely to be met with a very decided objection to intrusions upon his executive functions and discretion. Congress's obvious course is not to use the forms of concurrent resolutions for topics of the first grade of importance. When it does so, it is under the suspicion—especially when it is of politics different from the President's—of trying to dodge a vote. It can make the President pay attention by sending him something to sign. That, of course, gives him an opening to talk back, and there is ample room to believe that is exactly what Congress sought to avoid, and thereby placed itself in a somewhat ignoble position, which puzzles foreigners in matters concerning them, and which displeases Americans in something to their very immediate concern, to wit, the lessening of the dignity of their national Parliament.

EDWARD A. BRADFORD.

AMBITION.

THAT "enough is as good as a feast"
Is nothing but buncombe and stuff,
Since 'tis plain, by the statement at least,
That a feast must be more than enough.

GENERAL HARRISON'S WEDDING.

THE marriage of ex-President Benjamin Harrison to Mrs. Mary Scott Lord Dimmick was celebrated in St. Thomas's Church, on Monday afternoon, April 6th.

It was doubtless the simplest and quietest of all the Easter weddings held in New York, there being but little floral decoration in the church, and not more than fifty persons present, invited at an hour that was kept secret from the public. In spite of all these precautions for a quiet ceremony, however, a large crowd gathered outside of St. Thomas's, and watched the former President of the United States, respectfully, as he entered and as he left the church with his bride.

The floral decorations, although not elaborate, were rich, and were all concentrated at the altar. The color scheme was white and green. On either side of the entrance to the chancel were Easter lilies, and back of these were palms. The pillars along the sides of the chancel were twined with smilax, and out of this came more Easter lilies, looking as if they grew from the pillars. At the altar there was a cross, also made of Easter lilies.

General Harrison, with ex-Secretary of the Navy Benjamin F. Tracy, his best man, arrived at St. Thomas's shortly after five o'clock, and Mrs. Dimmick drove up at half past five. She was escorted to the altar by Lieutenant Parker, U.S.N., her brother-in-law. The ushers were E. F. Tibbott and Daniel M. Ramsdell. Rev. Dr. J. W. Brown, Rector of St. Thomas's, performed the ceremony.

Some of those present were Governor Levi P. Morton, Colonel Marvin, Senator and Mrs. Elkins, ex-Secretary of State John W. Foster and Mrs. Foster, ex-Attorney-General Miller and Mrs. Miller, Chancellor and Mrs. McGill, the Misses Dimmick, and General and Mrs. Fitz-John Porter.

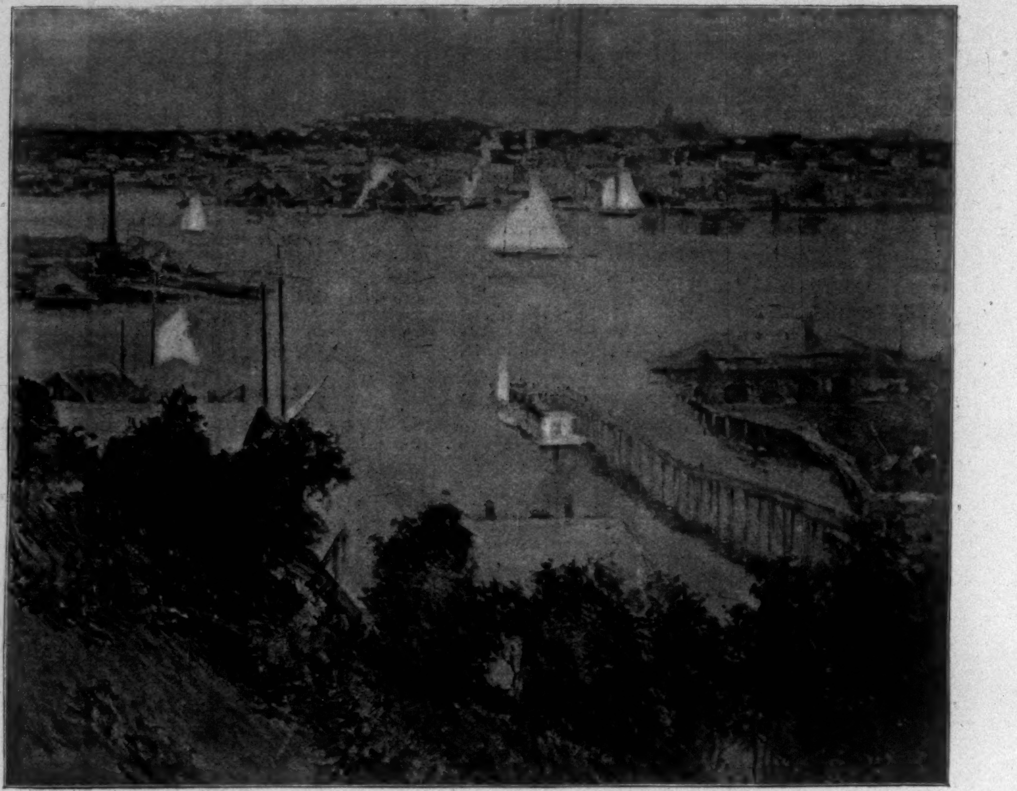
The bride wore a travelling costume and bonnet. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of Mrs. Pinchot, where there was a reception. General Harrison and his wife left for Indianapolis the same evening.

SPRING PICTURES.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

If in its bestowal of the Shaw Prize it was intended by the Society of American Artists to identify the picture in which the spirit of the entire spring exhibition is crystallized and made manifest, then no better choice could have been made than is actually to be recorded. The painting by Mr. Frank W. Benson which occupies the place of honor in the north gallery, and to the purchase of which Mr. Shaw's generous fund has been devoted, is one of those works in which from time to time many of the most characteristic virtues of a school are concisely and brilliantly expressed. The very absence of any profoundly serious motive from this "Decorative Figure, Summer," is indicative of the mood which prevails throughout the present exhibition, and, as the latter authoritatively tells us, throughout studios in all parts of the country.

Mr. Benson is deliberately decorative. So are most of those contemporaries of his who are, like him, on the skirmishing front of the period—painting pictures which are not so much the flowering of a school as the fertilizing and base-building elements of one of its latest and best transitional states. There are men at work whose imaginative and constructive powers are destined to make the art of America a very different thing from what it is now. But there are other men, far greater in number, who are steadily producing work like Mr. Benson's—work that is not necessarily of great spiritual import or dramatic significance, but that is so sincere, so strong, and so artistic that its importance could hardly be overestimated. The exhibition of the Society is devoted almost entirely to these men. It is not a remarkable exhibition. Why, then, does it mean so much? Turn to Mr. Benson's picture first, and, once its clearly stated elements have been grasped, follow the extension of its essential note through the great bulk of the paintings shown. What this "Decorative Figure" has to say to the beholder is not that "Summer" has moved the painter to any poetic rapture. It declares instead that life out-of-doors in summer is full of ease, of effortless movement, of light playfully glancing about, of impulses which make for a frank enjoyment of material delights. Mr. Benson's figure is not a goddess; she is simply a charming woman. And there is no glamour of romance flung about her. There is feeling in the picture, and so far as it goes it is exquisite; but it is the feeling of a painter whose conception of woman does not place her beyond the sphere of quite tangible charms. The very design, which is graceful, original, and picturesque, is nevertheless along entirely unrhetorical lines. Mr. Benson wished to make of his subject an engaging picture—a picture alive with unaffected motion, with fragrant but quite earthly airs. The ambition is not, perhaps, a great one. And this is certainly not a great picture. But it is a good picture, and this because the painter had behind his rather limited ambition a taste for that which is obviously lovely in familiar things—not their imaginative essence, but not their merely superficial aspect either. He saw in his material the charm that is visible to a sensuously inclined yet extremely fastidious taste. And what he saw he developed with admirable manual skill, with admirable tact as to color. His tones are not always pure, nor are they graded with uniform accuracy, but, on the whole, the execution is as it should be.

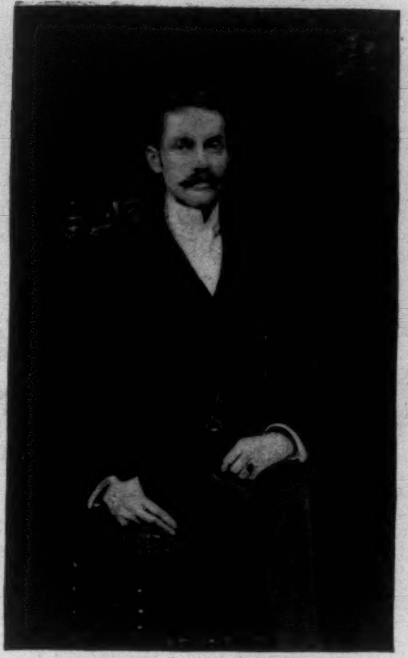


GLOUCESTER HARBOR.—By Willard L. Metcalf.
Awarded the Webb Prize.

The point of view implied in Mr. Benson's picture is the same that is to be discovered on every hand. Even in some places where it would not have been expected it is suggested if not actually revealed. Mr. Thayer has hitherto worked in thinner air than that breathed by most of the painters of his day. Rarely has a canvas of his lacked poetic fervor. But the "Diana" in this exhibition is not a poetic entity, not a goddess any more than Mr. Benson's "Summer" is one. It is rather to be judged as a portrait. In that character it is admired immediately for a certain sweet gravity, a certain nobility of feature and carriage, which might indeed be accepted as attributes of Diana, but which, in the long-run, must be taken as simply the gifts of a peculiarly stately personality belonging to the present era, and not to classical forests. The truth is that Diana, who has seemed the easiest of models to generations of painters, is one of the most elusive in the whole realm of poetry and art. To put the magic of her presence on canvas is beyond the capabilities of all but two or three men in ten thousand. Persephone is hardly a more capturable figure; and Mr. Sewell, who has painted a very large canvas in her honor, is far from even hinting the enchantment of her haunts and her attendant nymphs. But he too has the gift which is so frequently encountered in this collection—the gift of seeing clearly, and painting effectively what he sees. "The Groves of Persephone" may be without poetic value, but it is a strong piece of observation and technique, infused with sensuous charm. In respect to characterization, by-the-way, it may profitably be contrasted with the beautiful "Bacchante" by Mr. Maynard which hangs beneath it. The smaller canvas is very small, but it is brimming over with character.

Mr. Maynard's brilliant "Bacchante," a strong and individualized study of head and shoulders wreathed in vine leaves, leads with more or less aggressiveness to the many portraits shown. But before touching upon the latter a few words more must be said about the figure-pieces headed by Mr. Benson's canvas. Mr. Barse's "Study for Phryne" is one of these, a picture of no significance beyond the firm outlines and subtle modelling of the figure, but interesting in these things, and marked, above all, by a quality of sheer technical mastery which is always welcome. Then there is Mrs. Macmonnies's "Diana," a composition of notable dignity and vigor. With this there is a large painting by the same artist, "The Breeze," which is similarly decorative and similarly clever. It is odd that the pictures thus far specified should nearly all have mythological or symbolical titles, but in substance and style they are of the character pointed out at the beginning. The next painting encountered has another suggestive title. It is the "Autumn" of Mr. Robert Reid. But, like the "Summer" of Mr. Benson, this is interesting solely because the painter has taken a graceful figure, posed it in charming surroundings, and studied to good purpose the play of light and shade among the elements of his composition. This is an extremely interesting picture. The atmospheric effects are deftly rendered, and the painter would seem to have come nearer his impressionistic ideal than ever before. His "Opal," a nude study on the opposite wall, is not so impressive. Impressionism has contributed largely to the effect of this exhibition. Sometimes it is persuasive, as in Mr. Reid's "Autumn," in Mr. Metcalf's landscapes, especially in the "Gloucester Harbor" of the latter, to which the Webb Prize has wisely been given. There is an out-door study by Miss Huntington, "Hunter's Beach," which might go far to win over to impressionism some of its most bitter opponents, so vivid is it and so true. Mr. Twachtman's two landscapes are good, and one, at least, of Mr. Hassam's sketches, "Through the Willow Branches," is veracious and artistic. But it must be admitted that there is much else of an impressionistic nature which is not so satisfying, much that is merely experimental and crude. Mr. Platt's art it were perhaps inaccurate to call impressionistic. There is such a substantial basis of a more deliberately

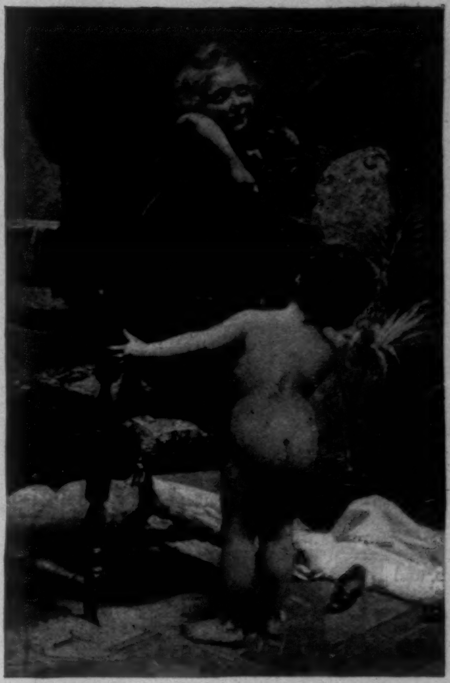
DECORATIVE FIGURE—SUMMER.—By Frank W. Benson.
Purchased with the Shaw Fund.



PORTRAIT—DR. PAUL SARTAIN.—By IDA WAUGH.
Awarded the Norman W. Dodge Prize.

in a spirit akin to that of his rare art, is a full-length of a lady by Mrs. Frances Houston, a work delightful in its delicacy of color and fibre. For its possession of qualities similar to the latter, Mr. Thayer's "Diana" may be recalled at this point, but there are no other portraits fairly comparable with the trio thus completed. The remaining canvases are either costume studies, pure and simple, like the florid and somewhat bumptious "Domino Rose" of Mr. Humphreys Johnston or the briskly executed "Portrait of a Lady" by Mr. Isham, charming studies of character like the portrait of a lady by Miss Beaux or the "Head of a Young Woman" by Joseph De Camp, or they are accomplished essays in technical and coloristic "arrangements," like the woman and monkey of Mr. Charles Hopkinson, like the "Girl with White Azaleas" of Mr. Tarbell, or like the two or three clever things of Mr. Wilton Lockwood. In whichever direction this mass of work is analyzed it proves artistic, entertaining—in a word, adequate. There is one startling exception to the average of excellence—startling because it seems incredible that the picture could be so unworthy of its painter. This is the portrait by Mr. Sargent to which allusion has been made. It is lamentably beneath his standard.

The little group of plastic exhibits is not an impressive one. Mr. Macmonnies is picturesque and strong in his statuette of "Shakespeare," but he is disappointing in his "Venus and Adonis." The composition is unlovely, the figures lack poetic significance, and such character as they possess is not attractive. The work has all of this sculptor's accustomed brilliancy of execution, but for the first time in his career he has produced a group which leaves the imagination cold. The other pieces of interest are Miss Potter's sketchy figurines, Mr. French's medal for the Architectural League, a bass-relief by Mr. Adams, a spirited group for a fountain by Mr. Karl Bitter, and some models by Mr. Potter, Miss Johnson, Mr. Lopez, and Mr. Pratt.



AFTER THE BATH.—By J. H. HATFIELD.
Awarded the Second Hallgarten Prize.

synthetic method to each one of his pictures. But whatever virtue there is in impressionism is packed within the limits of his "Garden in Winter." This is one of the finest landscapes in the show, the fit companion to Mr. Tryon's noble "Spring," in the south gallery. Mr. Tryon's canvas, it may be added, is one of the few poetic compositions shown. In its imaginative interpretation of a beautiful scene it is a distinguished performance, and in its design, in its illustration of selective art, it is one of the conspicuous productions of the decade.

The portrait-painters in this exhibition cover a wide range. Their work extends from the exquisite subtlety of Mr. Dewing, in his small panel of a seated lady, to the huge and splashy canvas which Mr. Sargent has painted in celebration of an infantile model. Between these two extremes there is a really remarkable number of portraits, interesting even when they are below a reasonable standard of perfection. All the work seems to have an unfailing spring of animation behind it. There are no sleepy portraits, no lifeless canvases. One or two in the long list have been painted with great tenderness of feeling, with a sensitiveness amounting to poetic divination. Mr. Dewing's bewitching little portrait is the first of these. On a much larger scale, but

HELPING GRANDPA.—By HENRY MOSLER.
Awarded the Thomas B. Clarke Prize.

THE COLLECTION AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

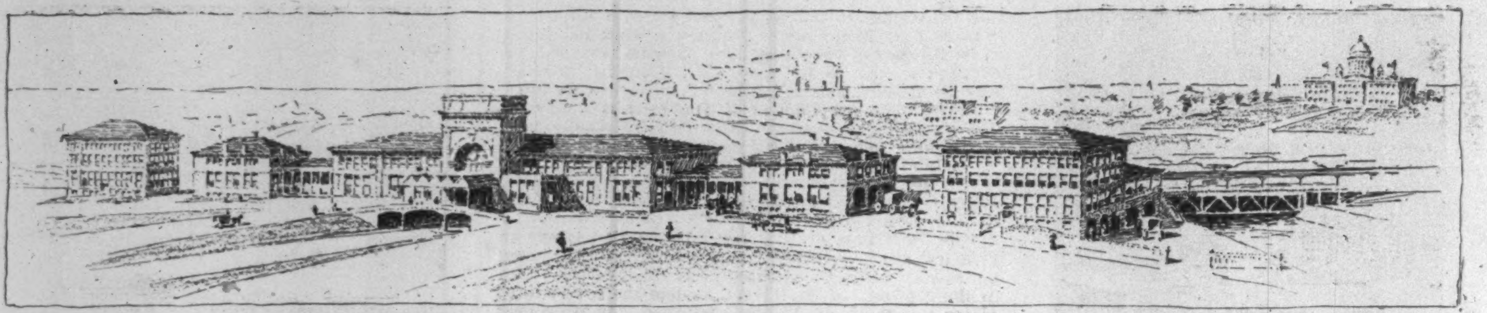
It is interesting to watch the expansion of the Academy as the seasons pass. Every year the concessions to newer influences seem more numerous than they ever were before, and the latest exhibition presents a most admirable combination of old and new ideas.

The galleries no longer illustrate one ideal. The conservatism of the Academicians is brought in close contact with the freedom of the younger men. As a matter of course this makes the collection of pictures more attractive. It is a coincidence that the first place in this exhibition should have been given to posthumous work. This time it is the late Thomas Hovenden's unfinished picture of life on the Western plains, "The Founders of a State." In the autumn show it was a group of landscapes by the late George Inness. The present painting is a little outside of criticism. Mr. Hovenden would obviously have corrected passages which are now imperfect, and would have developed the composition, which, as it stands, is a trifle thin. But the principal figures were carried well toward completion, and they have character, they are well conceived, and well painted.

The figure-paintings are to a great

POMONA.—By LOUISE COX.
Awarded the Third Hallgarten Prize.

IN A STUDIO.—By MARY BREWSTER HAZELTON.
Awarded the First Hallgarten Prize.



THE NEW RAILWAY TERMINAL AT PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, AS IT WILL LOOK WHEN COMPLETED.

extent anecdotic, carrying on, in varying keys, the strain introduced by Hovenden's picture. Few of the artists, however, have emulated him in the matter of scale. Mr. Lungren has covered a huge canvas with a picturesque study of an Indian snake-dance, vigorous in style, and interesting in spite of poor color; but most of the figure-work shown is on the scale of Mr. Millet's study of old English life, the picture called "An Overture." Some Japanese subjects have been skilfully handled by Mr. Bicknell, Mr. Wores, and Mr. Weldon in paintings which are scattered through the collection. Impressionism is at its best in the figure study by Mr. Robinson which hangs in the corridor, a straightforward study of values which is liked the more as it is carefully studied. Mr. Hassam sends two pictures, but neither is quite successful. There is technical cleverness in both, but there is no charm, no beauty. A conscientious attempt to extract beauty from the silence and mystery of the night is illustrated by Mr. Eric Pape's design called "The Two Great Eras." This represents the Madonna and her Child at the foot of the Sphinx, the scene being wrapped in nocturnal darkness. The composition is slightly conventional, but the aim is evidently sincere and the effect is artistic. Miss Hazelton's interior study, the picture to which the first Hallgarten Prize has been awarded, commands respect for much the same reason that is noted in the case of Mr. Pape. "In a Studio" is a sincere piece of painting, immature, but full of promise. Miss Hazelton has only to strengthen her brush-work and to clarify her tones, to give her art a little more firmness, and she will win many more prizes. She is a new-comer to whom a cordial greeting is due. Among the landscape-painters no unfamiliar figures make their appearance, but they are not, after all, required, there is so much good work by the regular contributors to the Academy shows. The poetry of Mr. Minor, the delicate naturalism of Mr. Shurtleff, the fine breadth and subtlety of Mr. Gifford, the work of Mr. Platt, of Mr. Sartain, and Mr. Parrish all give to the walls of the Academy a character which must awaken quick sympathy in the beholder.

The portraits inspire a sympathetic attitude perhaps more speedily than even the landscapes. Note, for example, the admirable 'cellist of Mr. Eakins in the corridor; note its dignity and simple force. This is one in a long procession of interesting portraits. Mr. Dewing sends a study in greenish-yellow which belongs, as his portrait in the Society exhibition belongs, on a high plane of feeling and imaginative expression. The color is magical. Miss Beaux and Mr. Harper Pennington are represented by two military portraits, vivacious in conception and charming in color and style. A portrait of a lady, in the south gallery, by Mr. Cohen, is noticeable for a suavity and precision rare enough; and for that quality of piquancy which is unimportant but usually refreshing there are works by Mr. Wilton Lockwood, Mr. Sergeant Kendall, Mr. Day, Mr. Loeb, and Miss Parrish which hold their own well in the general effect. Mr. Sargent's single portrait, a study of a masculine sitter, is technically characteristic, but it is a shallow performance when tested by memories of former triumphs of his. Yet while Mr. Sargent is not as satisfactory as he ought to be, he is nevertheless every inch himself in this rapid sketch, and it is interesting to find so free, so personal a work, with many other productions in a similar vein, hung in the same place with the types of sobriety and caution put forth by the older wing. This mingling of two phases of American art is, first and last, the point which strikes the observer at the Academy with most force. There may not be anything of high importance to see in this gathering of four hundred pictures, but the list is varied, there is animation in the halls where monotony has often reigned, and the galleries provide an entertaining hour.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

A SUGGESTION TO CONGRESS.

YES, Congress wants to fight some one, it doesn't matter whom,
As long as old Grim-visaged War can bring about a boom.
Brave Cabot Lodge breathes fire forth, Bill Chandler does the same,
And Peffer's whiskers fairly singe with patriotic flame.

But Johnny Bull he will not fight, he really doesn't dare;
His greatness, it is plain to see, has vanished in thin air.
And even Spain, excitable, won't let us fight with her,
Although we prod her daily and insult her minister.

But never mind, Bombastes Lodge, or Furioso Bill;
Don't weep, sweet Hotspur Morgan, and sob not, O Sherman chill!
But lead our Congress o'er the sea, and try to put a check
Upon the mad careering ways of savage Menelek.

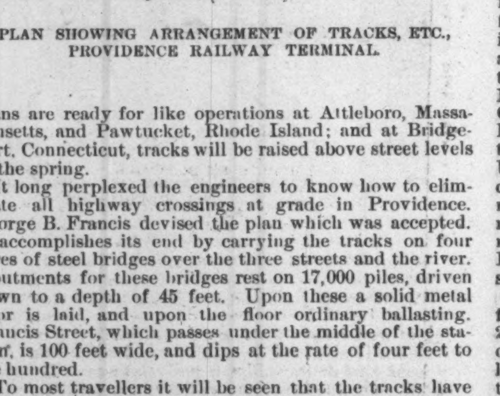
Some good is sure to come of this. If Morgan keeps his breath
To make an after-dinner speech, he'll talk the foe to death;
Or if perchance the savage wins, and wipes our Congress out,
This country will be better off beyond a shade of doubt.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

NOVEL RAILWAY TERMINAL AT PROVIDENCE.

PROVIDENCE had to choose between satisfactory railway facilities and a delightful prospect of landscape and architecture. She has yielded the desire of beauty to the desire of convenience. Many individuals, but no community in this utilitarian country would have done differently. Providence was a "terminal," not a "through" station; the railroad depot was a head house, and only by tunnelling or deep and long excavations could she have preserved a decorative and historic bit of land and water in the central valley made by her seven hills. After twenty years of consideration it was decided, in 1888, to give up a possible park in the heart of the city and to devote the territory to the use of the railroads. Subsequently the Legislature selected as the site for its State House and the Normal School the breast of the hill just to the north. Already the Normal School is under roof, foundations of the Capitol are being laid, and as soon as the frost is out of the ground, work will be begun on the railway tracks and station. On the railway improvements alone $5,000,000 will be expended. And when all is done the city will have excellent terminal facilities; but the view from the Capitol of what ought to have been a fair green valley will be cut through the middle with a gridiron of steel rails and a busy yardful of freight-cars.

Tracks and station will rest upon land made by filling in the old Cove at the very head of Narragansett Bay. It was from that water that the best-founded traditions say that Roger Williams and his companions landed when driven out of Massachusetts for championing free religious opinions. In later days the Cove was used for shipbuilding; then trees and walks were put around it, and it was a pretty place of resort until sewage from factories up the Woonasquatucket River made it foul. Now what was a sheet of storied water is transformed into dry land and freight-yards. It took 300 men two years to do it, and the cost up to date has been about $2,725,000—of which the city paid half a million for filling, river walls, etc., the railroads one million and a quarter for land thus made, and another million for actual construction of foundations, bridges, and other preparations. Half a million more will be expended by the city on new streets and pavements, and as the station building itself will cost about $800,000, and all grade crossings must be removed between Providence and Pawtucket, the total outlay for railroad facilities will be fully $5,000,000. Evidently the plan of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad is to remove all grade crossings between New York and Boston, and to lay four tracks between these cities, for millions are being put into such removals in Boston,



PLAN SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF TRACKS, ETC., PROVIDENCE RAILWAY TERMINAL.

plans are ready for like operations at Attleboro, Massachusetts, and Pawtucket, Rhode Island; and at Bridgeport, Connecticut, tracks will be raised above street levels in the spring.

It long perplexed the engineers to know how to eliminate all highway crossings at grade in Providence. George B. Francis devised the plan which was accepted. It accomplishes its end by carrying the tracks on four acres of steel bridges over the three streets and the river. Abutments for these bridges rest on 17,000 piles, driven down to a depth of 45 feet. Upon these a solid metal floor is laid, and upon the floor ordinary ballasting. Francis Street, which passes under the middle of the station, is 100 feet wide, and dips at the rate of four feet to the hundred.

To most travellers it will be seen that the tracks have been arranged with exceptional ingenuity. In the best of the German stations passengers reach their trains only by the use of stairways; but at Providence, where extraordinary conditions had to be overcome, few travellers will need to go below the platform level, as all of the trains now running can be accommodated on one through track and the four inner stub-tracks. The outer tracks will be used as demanded by increasing traffic, and will be approached through subways only, no crossing of tracks within the limits of the station being permissible. The subways begin at either end of the main waiting-room, sloping by gradual, scarcely noticeable inclines to the foot of the stairs which lead to the trains ten feet above. An acre of space is reserved in the basement as a carriage-stand.

Outwardly the architecture of the station has not much comeliness. Plain in all its lines, with a detached building at each end for express and administration uses, it emphasizes the impression that there is in the lay-out as a whole an absence of style—a disregard for the intention of graceful arrangement. An opportunity yet remains to make at least the surroundings sightly. If it is made use of Providence may not miss altogether the elements of beauty, for incoming strangers may then issue from the station into a tree grown quinquangular park, cut by wide streets, with a noble City Hall at the left, and at the extreme right a Post-Office of stately proportions.

FRANKLIN CLARKIN.

SPRING HOPES.

WHITE doves are cooing in the budding trees,
And sweet birds tuning for their vibrant songs,
While all the air is full of life that longs
To laugh amid the sunshine and the breeze.

The radiant Hopes, the joyous Hopes of spring
Emerge, like fairies, from their magic world,
Throwing their banners, glittering and unfurled,
Where the red rose is slowly blossoming.

The deathless Hopes, too beautiful to die,
Recurrent as the young awakening years,
Their soft caresses brush away my tears,
At sight of them gray ghosts of winter fly.

Summer is coming, coming,—'tis their speech,
Murmurous and musical as streams in June,—
Summer is coming, all the world's in tune,
And love must listen while the birds shall teach.

G. E. MONTGOMERY.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

IN 1740 a number of public-spirited citizens of Philadelphia began a thoroughly American movement and founded a free school for the education of poor children, from which humble beginning, in the course of 156 years, has grown the University of Pennsylvania. The deep interest which Benjamin Franklin took in this early school, and the serious and successful efforts which he made to develop and improve it, entitle him to the honor of being considered the founder of the University of Pennsylvania, a name which it received in 1791.

Those were the days of small things, yet the university was even then in the lead, and had the first Medical School and the first Law School ever founded in America. The first home of the university was in a building on Fourth Street, but in 1802 new and sumptuous quarters were found in the house built for Washington when President, but never occupied by him. It stood at the corner of Ninth and Chestnut streets, on the site now covered by the United States Post-office Building.

There the university remained till 1875, when it moved to its present home on the west bank of the Schuylkill River, and on a plot of ground forty-seven and a half acres in extent began the erection of a collection of splendid modern buildings, which now number twenty-four, and represent an outlay of $3,000,000. In these are housed fifteen distinct departments. They are: the College—in which are given courses in Arts, in Science, in Finance and Economy (*Wharton School*), in Biology, Music, Architecture, Science and Technology (*Towne Scientific School*), Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Chemistry and Chemical Engineering, and Civil Engineering—and the Departments of Philosophy, of Law, of Medicine, of Dentistry, of Veterinary Medicine, of Physical Education, the University Hospital, the Auxiliary Department of Medicine, the Wistar Institute of Anatomy and Biology (a magnificent building), the Laboratory of Hygiene, the Veterinary Hospital, the University Library, the Flower Astronomical Observatory, and the Museum of Archæology and Palæontology. Eleven of the fifteen departments have separate buildings.

To carry on this work requires a faculty of 151 professors and instructors, to whose lectures come each day 2632 students. For the accommodation of this great body of men a splendid club-house (known as Houston Hall) has been erected, and the most beautiful dormitories in this country are in course of erection. They are arranged as a quadrangle around the four sides of the old athletic grounds, and are capped by another set built around a great triangle made by the intersection of three streets. These latter will be occupied in October, 1896. When completed the entire system will cost $1,000,000, and will accommodate 1000 students.

So far, the university has graduated 68,000 men, and has about 12,000 *alumni* now living.

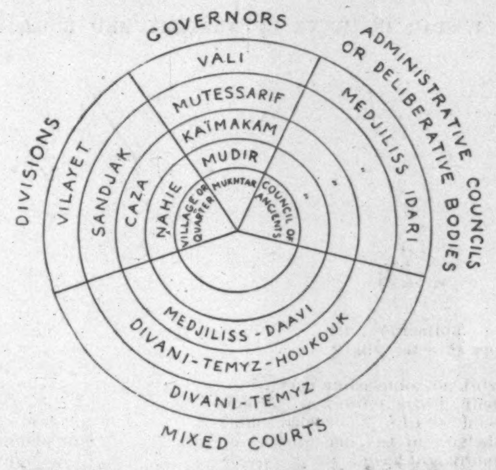
A COMPARISON OF TURKISH LAWS WITH ACTUAL CONDITIONS.

[The Turkish government has been so greatly disturbed by Timothy Pitkins's articles, and has become so panic-stricken by their disclosures of official corruption in Asia Minor, of the fact that the Sultan himself is responsible for the recent massacres of the unfortunate Armenians, and of the general reign of cruelty throughout the Ottoman Empire, that it has "permanently debarred HARPER'S WEEKLY from Turkey."—EDITOR.]

III.

LORD SALISBURY, in his speech made on the first day of the present Parliamentary session, said: "It is certainly true that the powers of Europe, even those averse to physical interference, have by no means abandoned the idea that pressure may improve the government of Asia Minor. They entertain the belief that if time is given to the Sultan this improvement will be the result. But, depend upon it, however slow the process may be, however disappointing you may find it from time to time, it is the only process by which the object you have in view can be attained."

Evidently, when political reasons make it necessary, Lord Salisbury and the powers of Europe can believe in probation. But whether a man believes in probation or not for a newly converted soul, he will hardly advise probation for an unconverted sinner; nor will he consider an indefinitely long or continuous time of trial or proof desirable or necessary for a changed heart. If a long probation is necessary, the supposition is that the so-called convert is a sinner still. Her recent conduct is proof conclusive that Turkey's name does not belong in the list of



regenerated souls. Yet she has been on probation for nearly sixty years, and Lord Salisbury advocates extension of time.

In an interview with the Turkish ambassador on July 10, 1895, Lord Salisbury remarked, in a different vein, that he was much struck on coming back to office to see how much ground the Ottoman Empire had lost in English opinion. It was not that there was any longer any strong excitement on the subject, but a settled conviction was growing that nothing was to be hoped from it in the way of improvement or reform, and that all that could be done was to finish with it. He heard of discontent from all parts of the Sultan's dominions, and the opinion of Europe in general was much less favorable to him than it had been when he previously held office.

Lord Salisbury's speeches are made to fit the occasion, but every careful reader and observer of laws and conditions in the empire knows that the truth is to be found in the statements made to the Turkish ambassador, and that hope of reform from the present government rests only with the ignorant.

For the sake of giving to the general feeling of despair over Turkish conditions a clear, logical expression, and of putting into its possession an orderly statement of those conditions, I will briefly review some of the most important regulations and the recent proposals for reform in relation to the existing modes of carrying out such regulations.

It is not necessary to consider the Hatti Scherif of 1839 and consonant laws made up to the year 1856, as the Hatti Humayoun of that year and the subsequent laws and codifications published in 1873 and 1874 embody the first important provisions. It is sufficient to notice that all reform in 1856 was at such a discount that renewed efforts had to be made on the part of the powers to secure justice for the Christian population. Although the Hatti Humayoun made promises of many reforms, "The Law of the Vilayets," organizing the civil administration, was not put forth by imperial irade until 1867. In the original law, and in the "Instructions relative to the general administration of the vilayets," published in 1876, and in the various counter-projects of reforms proposed by the Porte in 1895, the strong centralization of the government, the subordination of all officials to his Majesty—or to the man who too often proves to be his tool, the Sheik-ul-islam—the absence of checks and balances considered absolutely necessary in modern governments, and despite the apparent placing of administrative or even legislative power in the hands of local councils, the real confining of the initiative in nominations and in deliberations to the Vali, are fundamental points in the reasons for inadequacy in all reforms down to the year 1895. The remark, so often heard, that the laws of Turkey are good enough if they could only be enforced, is false, for the laws have always lacked what the powers last year chose to call guarantees, what in America would be designated as an adequate system of checks and balances by which such laws might have enough power to live.

In the existing centralized provincial system of government we find that the vilayet, with its Vali or governor-general, Medjiliss Idari or administrative council, and its Divani-Temyz or high court of appeal, embraces smaller divisions, or sandjaks; the sandjaks in turn include the cazas; the cazas, the nahies, etc. The striking features of the system are the appointment of officials directly by the Sultan or the Sublime Porte and the paramount power and responsibility of the Vali. I shall endeavor in this and a succeeding article to explain briefly the powers and mutual relations of the governors, judges, and councils; to show the condition of the laws relative to police organization, to taxes, to security of life and property, and to internal improvements, compared with the actual situation of the people; to point out the weaknesses of the present system and the essential points of proposed reforms. But the hopelessness of all reform will surely be evident throughout this review. Laws in Turkey will always be dead letters.

The Vali or governor-general of the vilayet is appointed by the Sultan, and holds office at the pleasure of the Sultan. According to "The Law of the Vilayets," among his other administrative powers and duties, "the Vali has direct control of the acts and conduct of governors (mutessarifs) and of the functionaries at the seat of government, and (through the intervention of the governors) of the conduct and acts of all the employés of the vilayet; and he proceeds to the dismissal of functionaries recognized as culpable in the exercise of their functions."

What such powers may mean is shown in the demand of Halil Pasha of Sivas upon Bekir Pasha, mutessarif of Amasia, of whose humane tendencies I have already spoken. Bekir did not give free rein to the passions of the people in the massacre last November; thirty lives out of several thousand did not satisfy the hunger of his Excellency at Sivas, or of the imperial government either, if the Turks are to be believed when they say that the government was dissatisfied with the work done. So Bekir has been ordered to Sivas to answer questions about the massacre and his own conduct. Whether the governor knows his catechism or not, there is nothing to hinder the governor-general from making such a report as he wishes, and the final decision will be in favor of the man who has most Palace influence. In either case, when the governor-general is an evil fearless man like Halil Pasha, his power for evil under the present system is unlimited. His personality determines the character of every local act, and if a subgovernor has the audacity to resist his influence, so much the worse is it for the subgovernor.

In matters of finance the Vali has an oversight of all the revenues and imposts of the vilayet, has general management of the sums in cash, settles all discussions and differences which may arise in the service, and oversees the conduct of finance officials. It was not surprising, then, that when Shakir Pasha, High Commissioner of Reforms, went to Erzerum to introduce new methods into the provincial treasury, he could find only empty safes to seal; and it was in the ordinary course of events that when orders arrived from Constantinople that the hungry should be fed, the Kaïmakam of Marsovan should display before the eyes of the sufferers three medjidiehs as the entire contents of the government safes. It is true that in the last six months the demands of the imperial government have been great, but a year ago the treasury of Van would have rivalled that of Marsovan in emptiness.

The governor-general is to keep tables of statistics of the province. His accuracy is shown by his method when he sends out men to count all the houses in a city, multiplies the number of houses by five, and sends in a report of the population. He is supposed to gather statistics that will be of use to him and to the councils in the introduction of agricultural and commercial reforms adapted to the geographical situation of the country. As all tools and methods used in agriculture are like those described in the Bible, it cannot be said that progress has been marked in the last twenty years. The same kinds of ploughs, of work-animals, such as oxen and donkeys with their pack-saddles, of carts and threshing implements, could be seen in David's time, three thousand years ago, while vintage-work is done in the old-time winepresses, and leather bottles are still used. There are four agricultural schools in the empire, in Halkali, Smyrna, Beirut, and Brusa respectively, and seven or eight model farms to show to the people modern methods of agriculture; but when "an American observer" speaks of these establishments of the crown domains as being "each one a model farm which leaves nothing to be desired," he indulges in a gentle bit of irony, I fancy, if all the farms are to be judged by the one at Sivas.

In this establishment, "which leaves nothing to be desired," there are three buildings bordering a quadrangle near the centre of the farm. In one building are stored away some American agricultural implements, well rusted and out of gear. During the summer three or four men can be seen standing in a cabbage-patch or weeding an onion-bed. On one part of the grounds are remains of what might have been a nursery; a few young trees are yet alive. There are a small barley-field, a few acres of rye, and a good bit of uncultivated ground. All the work seems to be done in the old-fashioned way, and life runs in the old groove.

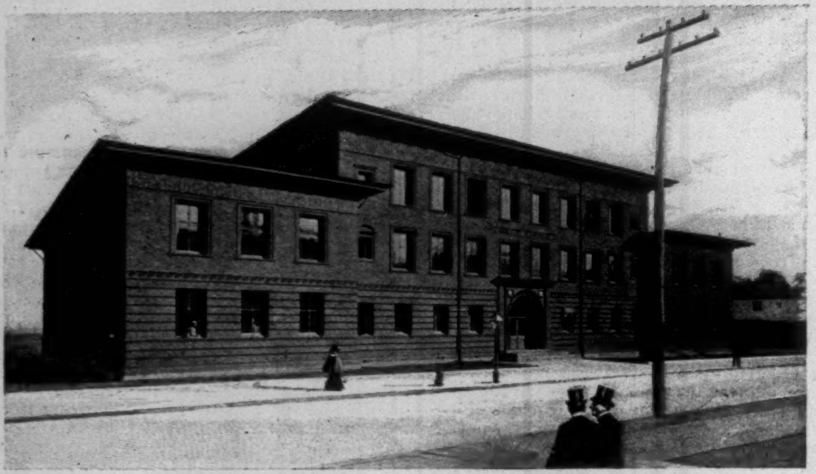
Commercial reforms have been cast in the same mould, for camel trains still carry the grain to the coast, at the speed of twelve miles a day, and bring back articles of European manufacture. The only change in the means of transportation was made a dozen years ago by the introduction of the araba, or springless wagon—in appearance something like an American prairie schooner. But Russian wheat-fields have injured the exportation of grain and flour, because Russian farmers have superior transportation facilities. Yet German companies have tried for twenty years to get a concession from the Sultan to build a railroad south from Samsun, while the concession for the short line to Brusa was taken back after the rails were laid, and abandoned machinery can be seen alongside the track to-day. This is progress in Turkey.

In the regulations all of the governors and the administrative councils are told to look after the construction of roads and post-routes, and to see that the roads are policed. One would say that "too many fingers spoiled the pie," if one did not know that the Vali has things his own way. Sometimes the roads are good, sometimes bad. In the vilayet of Angora I have seen three macadamized roads running in parallel lines, and yet have been compelled to ford a large stream because not one of the bridges was in repair. More likely than not the next Vali will build another road alongside the three other highways, in order to leave as great a name behind him as former governors have secured. When a road is once built, the apparent supposition is that it will last for all time without repair. Consequently winter travel after the rains is a perilous undertaking. Such ruts and holes cannot be seen outside of Turkey as are to be found on the post-road between Kousa and Kavak south of Samsun. Then the officials have a fashion of building roads and forgetting to put in the bridges or stone culverts, or of building the culverts and neglecting to make any approach to them. It is true that there are not nearly so many highway robbers as formerly, and that travel now is comparatively safe. I do not refer to the solid Kurdish districts in the Bitlis region. But I doubt whether this improved condition is due wholly to the Vali and the gendarmes, for when Hosref was chief of gendarmerie in Anatolia he was asked to get rid of a noted brigand in the Gürun region, and he replied by asking why he should expose himself to danger. Other officers have shared his feeling on the subject, and the Vali thought his question legitimate.

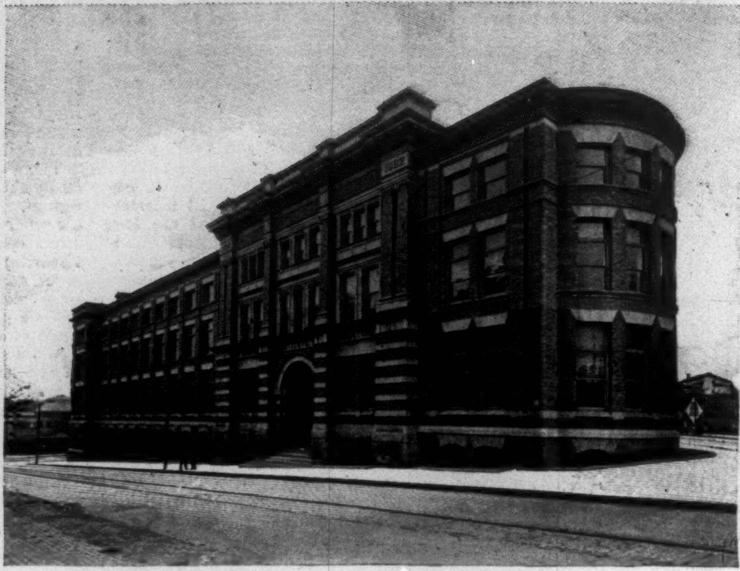
To the Vali also belongs the command of the police and gendarmerie of the vilayet; the Ali Bey or chief of the gendarmerie is always subject to his orders, and in the Vali rests the chief responsibility. Among the articles treating of his police powers we find this statement: "In case there arises in the vilayet any movement, important or not, of a nature to bring harm, either inside or outside the vilayet, to the rights, interests, and the security of the state and of the inhabitants, the Valis are bound to expose immediately to the Sublime Porte the origin, the degree of importance, and the nature of this movement, and to give attention to the instructions of the Sublime Porte in taking general measures." When there is great necessity the Vali may take whatever measures sudden circumstances may require.

This paragraph is one of the few provisions of the code now actually in force. So much in force has it been that

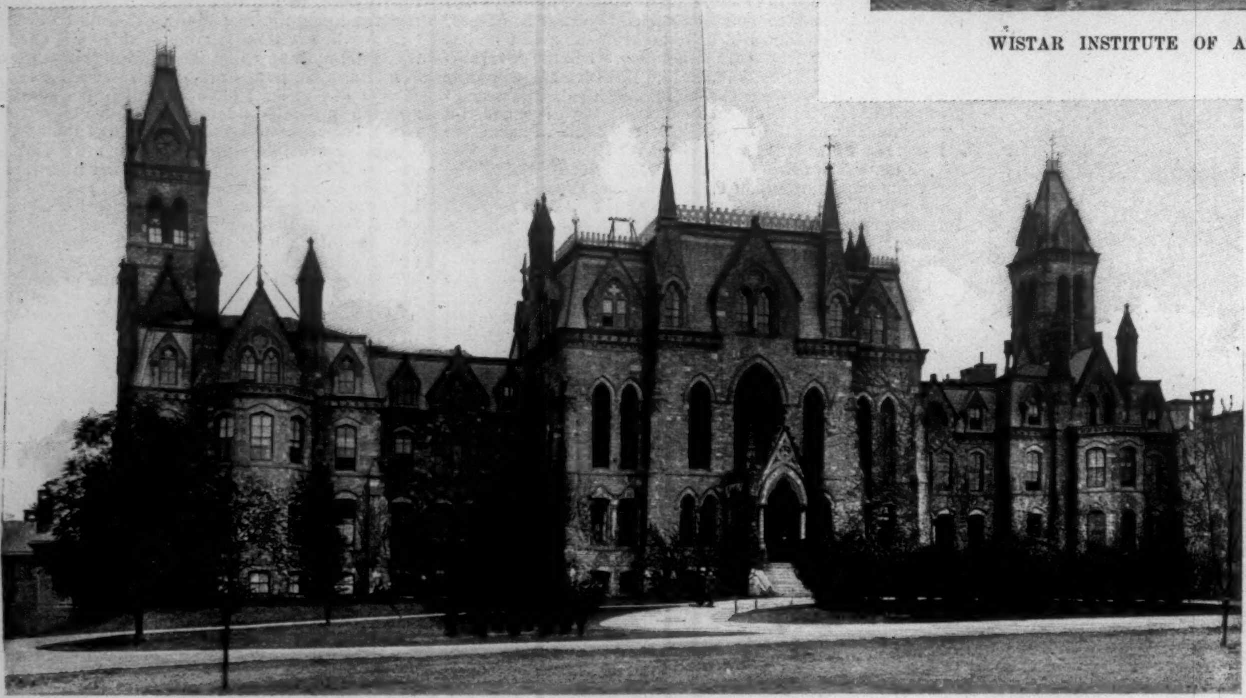
WAGONS IN THE MORE PROGRESSIVE PARTS OF TURKEY.



JOHN HARRISON LABORATORY OF CHEMISTRY.



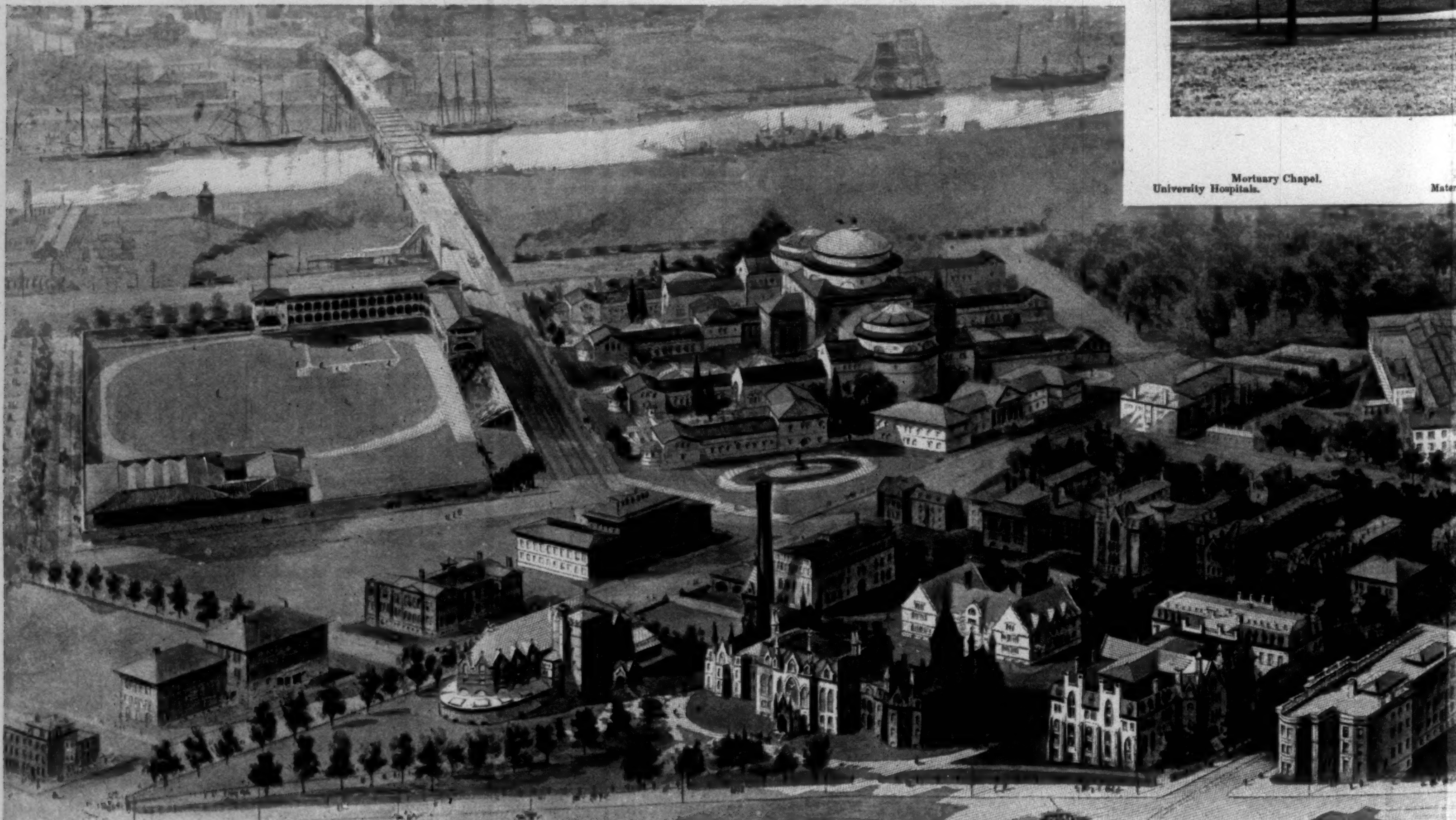
WISTAR INSTITUTE OF ANATOMY AND BIOLOGY.



COLLEGE HALL.

Museums—Section in course of erection. Agnew Memorial Pavilion. Nurses' Home.

Mortuary Chapel. University Hospitals. Mater



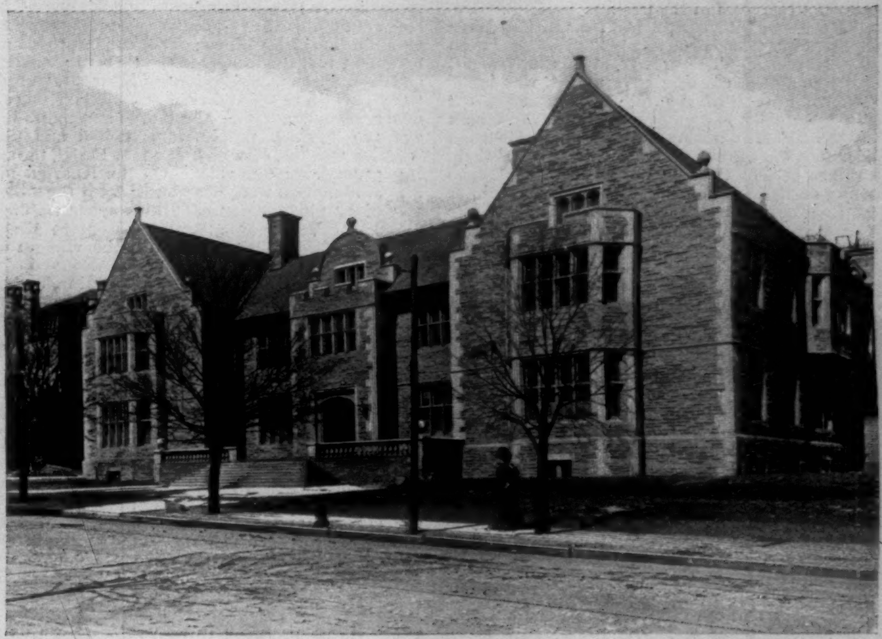
Bennett Hall. Franklin Field. Institute of Hygiene. John Harrison Chemical Laboratory. University Library. Central Light and Heat Plant. College Hall. Houston Hall. Medical Hall. Dental College. Wm. Pepper Clinical Laborator Wistar Institute of Anatomy and B

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF T

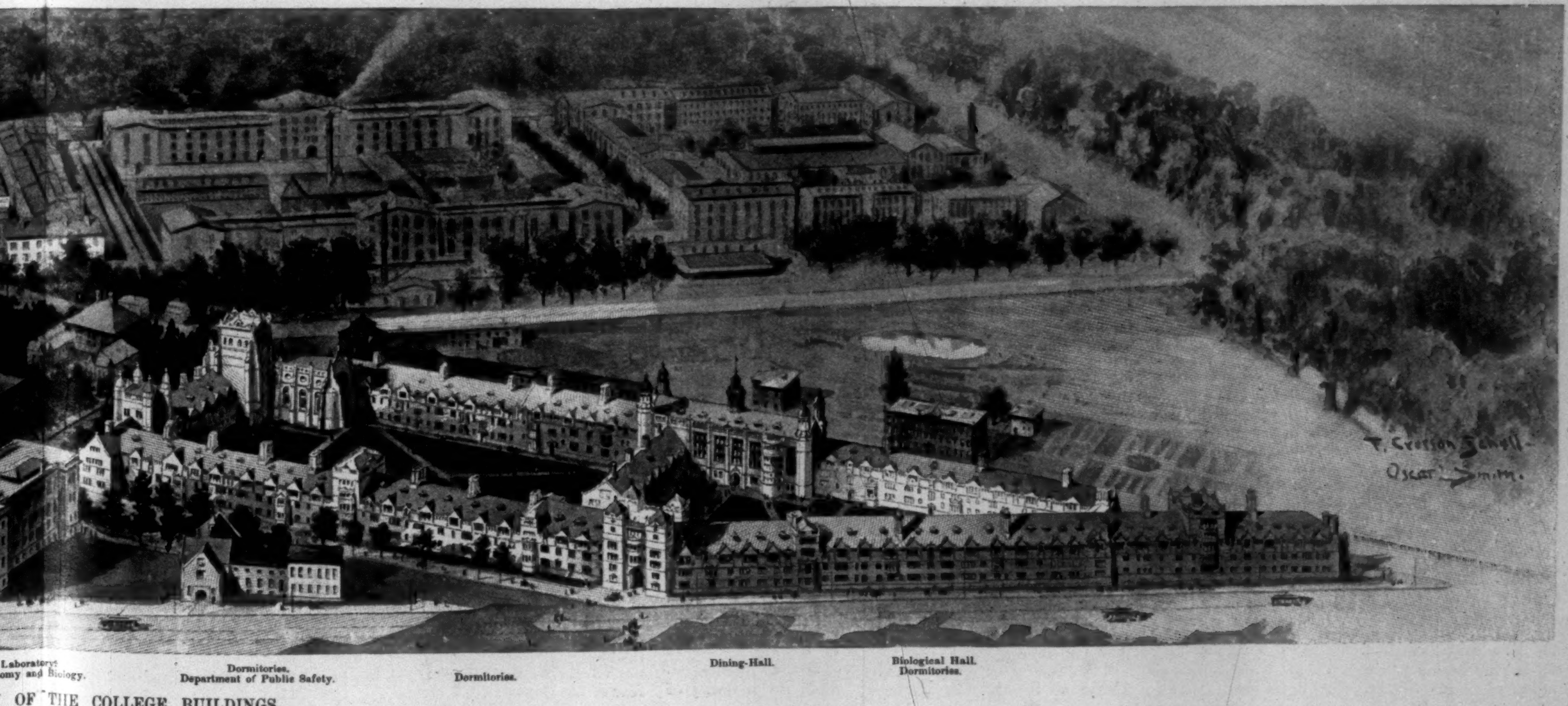
THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVA

THE LIBRARY, COLLEGE HALL, AND MEDICAL HALL.

THE LIBRARY BUILDING.



HOUSTON HALL, THE STUDENTS' CLUB-HOUSE.



OF THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

YLVANIA, PHILADELPHIA.—[See Page 394.]

A THRESHING-FLOOR IN ASIA MINOR.

Asia Minor has been a lively residence spot for the last three years. But so clumsily has it been enforced that it has been the means of augmenting rather than of allaying the discontent of would-be revolutionists. Yet since the massacres this very clumsiness seems fraught with meaning. The doctor's effort was not to cure the sore but to aggravate it, and thereby kill the patient.

It is well known that during the last ten years, at least, active propagandists of socialism and revolution have been at work in Asia Minor. The growth of this movement, hostile as it was to the existing government, was intertwined with the growth of government oppression, the one growth effectually supporting the other, and both movements the natural outcome of increasing knowledge and power among the Christian inhabitants. While there have been open acts on the part of the disaffected, such as the posting of placards in Anatolia, the governors have more often than not made out the movement to be much greater than it was in reality. When the troubles occurred in Anatolia in 1893 there was a serious and more or less successful effort, through false witnesses and tortured prisoners, to implicate the whole Christian population in the posting of placards in the ten cities and in an attempt to excite a massacre, while in truth at no time has the estimate of the number engaged in the disturbances risen above fifteen per cent. of the Christian population. At this time a Turk was murdered in Sivas, and, as good evidence was ready to demonstrate, by Turks. Indeed, the police had no other theory of the case, for they threw the suspected men into prison at once. The Vali, who was then in Tokat, was informed of the case, and he telegraphed immediately to Sivas, commanding the officials to let the Turks out of prison, to accuse some Christians, to throw them into chains, and to declare the murder connected with rayah discontent and surrounding disturbances. The Vali was obeyed.

In such ways every occurrence was added to the tale of woe. The greatness of this or that governor in putting down formidable rebellions was made to shine before the eyes of his Majesty, and the Sultan would then hammer away at the rayahs harder than ever, thinking to secure himself from threatening danger. Sometimes the story would be wholly fabricated, as in the case of a village in the Sivas vilayet. A man who was appointed temporarily to fill the office of an absent kaïmakam, and was bent upon improving the chance of a lifetime, must have been the only source of what purported to be a great disturbance in his caza; for although a large number of men were imprisoned, and one man was even put to the torture, no evidence of any kind could be secured against the Christians. But the absurdity of such a momentous event in such an out-of-the-way place appears when the facts are made known that the people of the village were grossly ignorant, that they had always been docile, that the village was in a backwoods district quite out of the reach of the Russian revolutionary influences, and that the placards were posted up so high on the minaret of the mosque that nobody but the muezzin himself could have put them in the position; whereas Armenian agitators always made use of house doors and places convenient for the reading of the papers.

Occasionally the chief of the gendarmerie would be called into service, as at Marsovan in 1893, when the town and country about endured a reign of terror for three or four months. But what else than a reign of terror was to be expected when Hosref Pasha was the Ali Bey sent to the scene of action, and Halil Pasha was the Vali to issue commands? Not only can the Vali move the whole police force to whatever point he wishes, but he may also, by presenting a paper setting forth his necessities to the superior officer of the regular troops in the vilayet, require the services of those regular troops. When the massacres in Kharput, Diarbekir, and other places were being planned, it is a question whether this bit of formality was observed before calling out the soldiers; and when slight resistance was offered by the people of Arabkir, Diarbekir, and Malatia, it was the signal for the Turks to exclaim "armed rebellion!" and thus to justify their course. In Sassun the regulars were ordered out upon the declaration of the local government that there was armed rebellion.

But in looking through the penal code, especially those sections devoted to prescribing punishments for crimes against the interior tranquillity of the Ottoman Empire, Article 56 and following paragraphs will be found to have a bearing on the action of officials in the massacres, as well as upon preceding revolutionary agitation. "Whoever causes civil war by inciting the inhabitants to arm themselves against one another, or to carry devastation, massacre, and pillage into one or more places, will be punished with death, if the attempt has been followed by execution, or if it has allowed the beginning of execution." Since this article can apply to Turks as well as to Armenians, a goodly number of officials should be getting ready to mount the dry-goods boxes preparatory to a swing from the Turkish gallows; for it can be proved on reliable testimony that the leaders in the raids of plunder, murder, and destruction in the regions of Kharput, Diarbekir, etc., were Turkish aghas and civil and military officials. Evidence is abundant that the Kurds and redifs in disguise and the Turkish rabble were incited and directed by Turkish officials, of whom Mustafa Pasha, the commanding general, was the chief. On the Kharput plain arms and ammunition were distributed from the military depot to various villages where Turkish aghas resided. Raouf Pasha, the Vali, who afterwards went to Erzerum, and Mustafa Pasha, visited some of the villages when the arms were distributed. Mustafa also visited Malatía. When the consuls called upon the Vali in Trebizond and earnestly pressed him to imprison persons who were exciting the people to acts of outrage, he declined to do so, but promised to "do the right thing."

Surely somebody was "inciting the people to carry devastation, massacre, and pillage into one or more places," so Abdullah headed the commission sent into the country to find out about the trouble. Apparently the people in 1895 who committed massacre and pillage and disturbed the peace of the state were not considered to be armed against the government; for no punishment was meted out to the Turks, and three months afterwards the Sultan talked to Sir Philip Currie about the "civil war" in the country and the "armed rebellion of the rayahs." Yet in 1893, in accordance with the principle of the penal code that "whoever arms himself against the government shall die," Armenian houses were ransacked from garret to cellar in search of fire-arms, and Thoumayan and Kayayan were condemned to death at Angora, although the government failed to prove that they were guilty of seditionary effort in the particular instance cited. Of such a farcical nature was the trial that some of the foreign powers intervened to save the prisoners.

It may be noticed in this connection that the regular troops and redifs must have assisted in and directed the outrages only in accordance with commands issued out of high places; otherwise the officers of the army would have been punished, for it is written that "whatever officer retains troops collected, when their dispersal has been ordered by the government, will be punished by death." Or we must assume that the law is a dead letter in this case also; but such an assumption requires another, that there existed an extensive and well-organized plot among provincial officials—a supposition that is absurd, has no testimony in its favor, and is further discountenanced by Abdullah Pasha's amicable relations with all military officers during his tour of inspection of the military posts.

As an advisory and to some extent legislative body, a permanent administrative council (Medjiliss Idari), composed of the chief officers of the district, the heads of the religious communities, and four elected members (two Mussulmans and two non-Mussulmans), was established in each division to assist the governor or subgovernor in the government of the division. Its members were to think independently of any official influence, to control the receipts and expenditures, to have charge of the administration and preservation of state property, to assess the taxes, to take measures relative to public health, to examine within the limit of their jurisdiction lawsuits arising between public functionaries, to construct roads, to adjudge the public revenues and the conclusion of contracts made by the governor or subgovernor. Now since the Vali nominates the men to be chosen to the administrative council of the vilayet, he can select the best tools; and since all questions for consideration which any member wishes to bring up must first be presented to the Vali, who puts them before the council, legislative initiative in Medjiliss Idari is minus, and the Vali is again master of the situation, so that it is no advantage to the council that the Vali is instructed to carry out its decisions. Even the time of convocation of each council of the subdistricts is decided by the Vali, and all councils must submit their decisions to him.

The councils are given the privilege of reporting irregularities to the Sublime Porte, but when the majority of the members are the chief officers of the province or subdivision, and elected (!) Mohammedan members, there is good reason for meagreness in reports. Add to these considerations the fact that frequently only such Christian members are kept as are subservient to the Vali, and it becomes more evident that the council is an ornamental branch of the government. Occasionally one finds a Christian member, like the Protestant pastor in Kaisarieh, who has held the position for thirty years, and is yet highly respected by both Turks and Christians. But in Sivas, according to Armenian accounts, Christian members were given their walking papers until the Vali found Potu Kalian, whose Turkophile propensities (again according to the Armenians) are shown by the facts that he retains his position, wears a decoration, and is allowed to carry a sword.

To the governors and subgovernors, to the administrative councils in divisions and subdivisions, to the municipal councils also, are given charges to look after public hygiene. These agents do their work well enough to let all sewage that does not sink into the ground be carried down the streets of the cities in ditches and gutters. As a consequence, the odor of a yard or street on a July day is not always agreeable, to say nothing of its hygienic qualities. Occasionally, and only occasionally, one finds underground sewers made out of hollow logs of wood. In cities built on steep hill-sides below which flow swift rivers, like the cities of Kharput, Amasia, and Tokat, the bad effects of lack of drainage are minimized; but in a city situated on flat valley land, like Kaisarieh or Sivas, summer is not a desirable season to spend in town. All diseases except cholera are given the freedom of the city; nobody takes precautions against small-pox, whose victims are carried in open coffins even through the streets of Constantinople. When cholera is reported from some neighboring district a cordon of soldiers or of zabtiehs is placed across the great highways to hinder travel; but it quite often happens that the people from the clean districts will sit down for a gossip with travellers from the infected places, while the officers make some examinations; or in case of several days' quarantine, they camp near together for the sake of good society. The government does make some attempt to be strict, however, and has erected quarantine stations for the safety and convenience of travellers. But a good backsheesh will pass a man through a cordon. During the last severe epidemic, in 1894, cholera was introduced into Kaisarieh and Sivas through open waterways that bring a large part of the water-supply from the mountains. Higher up the waterways or crude aqueducts there are villages where the cholera first appeared. The people did their washing as usual in the streams, and in a few days the cities were full of cholera patients. Water generally comes from mountain springs, and in itself is pure; some is brought to Kaisarieh now in closed channels.

The neglect of one set of laws on the part of the government arouses the indignation of lovers of the beautiful and of the useful as well. Although this "Garden of the Earth" has been robbed of its forest growth continuously for decades and centuries perhaps, yet had the new laws been operative, something might have been done to preserve and increase the growth during the last twenty years. But the people must have fuel, and if no one is allowed to work the coal-mines, then wood is the only resource. Why take the trouble to see that new growth is permitted to take the place of the old? It is too much exertion for the coroudjis (guards of the forests) to examine the trees and mark them for cutting, and then to watch the inhabitants. Nor can the government waste valuable energies for corruption in watching the coroudjis, especially when it is so difficult for the government to exist financially that it cannot look out for the existence of the people. If bad comes to worse and not a tree is left in the country, concessions can be given to operate coal-mines. In some places even the roots are laboriously dug out of the ground, while in others wicked waste is made by chopping the logs into shape and leaving the refuse cuttings to rot in the forest, and also by using needlessly large beams for building-timbers. Large mountains in the vilayet of Sivas have been denuded of vigorous pine forests within the memory of middle-aged men. The provision for state control and ownership of all forest lands has been productive of no good. But since Shakir Pasha has been making a practicable arrangement for the operation of mines in the Erzerum vilayet by the communities, the people need have no fear of fabulous prices for fuel. TIMOTHY PITKINS.

THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE BLUE BLANKET.

YET, because I needed advice and had none to give it, I rode to Edinburgh to see Maister Robert Bruce. I found the whole city in an uproar. There was the beating of drums in all the streets and closes, and a great multitude of the common folk crying out, "For God and the Kirk!" Pikes danced merrily on the causeways, and wives' heads were thrust through all the port-holes in the windings of the stairs. Their voices, shrill and vehement, kept up a constant deafening clamor, each calling to her John or Tam to "Come awa' in oot o' that," or bidding him not to mell wi' what concerned him not.

"What concern is the glory o' God o' yours?—you that is but a baker in Coul's Close?" I heard one wife cry to her man, which seemed to me a mightily pertinent question.

At last I heard that the ministers of Edinburgh had bearded the King, so that he had gone to Linlithgow in great indignation, and that in a day or two Maister Bruce would either be King of Scotland or lay his head on the block.

Yet he was in his study-chamber when I went to seek him, reading of his Bible and writing of his sermon, as quietly as though there had been no King in Scotland, save, as it might be, the King in whose interest he had bearded King Jamie Stuart.

Robert Bruce looked up when he saw me.

"Ah, Launcelot," he cried, more heartily than ever I had heard him, "ken ye, lad, that you are likely to be at the horn for communing with a wild rebel like me?"

"To be at the horn is no uncommon thing in Carrick," I replied, "and makes little difference to either the length of a man's life or the soundness of his sleep. I have been at the horn ever since I was eighteen years of my age."

"Well, Launcelot," he said, soberly, "so it has all turned out even as I said. I know, I know. It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. But I saw ye were all fey at Culzean."

Then I told him the purpose of my coming all the way to Edinburgh to see him.

"What!" he said; "ye have never come so far only to have speech of poor Robert Bruce, that was yesterday Minister of Edinburgh, and to-day is, I fear, doomed to the haq-clog?"

I told him that it was even so, and that, being the man of wisest council I had ever known, I should have gone ten times as far to have his friendly advice.

"Aye me!" he said, sadly; "wae is the man that has such a rumor and report of wisdom, yet cannot council himself what he should do in his own utter need."

But, for all that, he went over all that had happened in Carrick with a clearness most like that of a lawyer when he sets in order his case before the judge. Then he sat a long time silent, with his finger-tips drumming idly upon his writing.

"So Bargany is dead," he said at last. "He was the most considerable man of his own faction. Who is there to succeed him?"

"But a child," said I; "one that plays with puppets."

"As do we all, Launcelot," said Maister Bruce, smiling on me.

"And after him, in that faction of his own house there comes—?" he asked.

"There are none besides the murderer, Thomas of Drummurchie, and Bennan his brother; but he is a deboshed man and of no account," I made answer, not seeing his drift.

"Who leads them, then?"

"John Muir, of Auchendrayne, is their only considerable man, and he has waxed great and greater within these months."

The minister nodded his head and sat still, as one that considers all sides of a question.

"And of you that stand by the gold and blue—who remains?" he went on.

I told him but John, Earl of Cassillis, and his brother the Master.

"And in whose friendship is the Master?" he asked.

"In our country of Carrick he has an auld friendship with Auchendrayne, and a good-going feud with the Earl, his brother; but recently he has taken up with the Lord of Garthland in Galloway and married his sister."

"Tell him from me," said the Minister of Edinburgh, "to bide in Galloway and get him bairns in peace. For gin he comes back to Carrick, of a surety his head shall be the next to fall."

"And why so?" said I.

"Because," said Maister Robert Bruce, "John Muir designs that there shall be no power in Carrick or the Shire of Ayr besides his own and that of the Earl—till he have time to have him also killed. I tell you, Auchendrayne hath the brains of any three of you."

"And of the treasure of Kelwood what?" said I.

"That," said the Minister, meditating, "is a little forth of my province. But, if ye will know, I think it is in the keeping of some of Auchendrayne's tools. And I advise you, ere ye seek revenge, to go seek it." I was silent, for I hoped that he would tell me yet more. "The treasure of Kelwood will lead you to your aim. I think ye will find that the same hands which reft it away are red in the blood of your master. And one thing I am sure of—that within the treasure-chest there lie your love, your land, and your lordship!"

I asked him what he meant, but he would not tell me more clearly. Only this he said, speaking like them that have the second-sight:

"James Stuart being what he is—a treasure-seeker—and John, Earl of Cassillis, being what he is—a treasure-gripper—if ye find the kist, ye have them both in your hand. And therein (or I am a false prophet) lie, as I say, your love, your land, and your lordship."

Then I asked him if he had any council to give me ere I went.

"Be brave," he said; "read your Testament. Tell no lies. Tell no tales. Seek carefully for the man that wears the gray cloak, and then for the man that runs like a beast and carries the knife in his teeth."

He went to the window as one that has spoken his last word.

"Hear ye that?" he said. "That is the warrant for my heading."

There was a great crowd of people without, apprentices and such like, with here and there a decent responsible man of the trades. They were singing at the utmost pitch of their voices:

> "We'll hae nae mair Jeems Davie-son,
> Davie's son—Davie's son!
> We'll gie his loons the spavie sune,
> Spavie sune, spavie sune,
> An' the deil may tak Jeems Davie-son."

"They might as well shear my head as sing that song," said Maister Robert Bruce. "There is nothing that James Stuart likes so ill as to be called the son of Davie, unless it be the man who upholds the right of private judgment."

"Ah!" he cried again, "the Blue Blanket! This waxes serious. I must put on my gown and sally forth."

Then up the Canongate there came a great crowd of citizens, all marching together, and crying: "God and the Kirk! God and the Kirk!" And in the centre there was the flag that has ever staggered in the front of a bicker, foretelling storms and the shaking of thrones—the Blue Blanket of the trades of Edinburgh town.

Robert Bruce drew his black Geneva gown about him, and taking his little Bible and his oak staff in his hand, he went out. As he stood forth upon his step he was hailed with shouts of joy and rejoicing.

"Hearken Maister Bruce! Hear the minister! God and the Kirk! Doon wi' Jeemie Fat Breeks!"

And the Blue Blanket wavered and waggled, being borne on by the press. All about the skirts of the crowd and down the closes the drums were beating, and a hundred idle prentices thundered on great folks' doors and garred the window-panes rattle, which was a sin when glass was so dear, and to be seen in so few places besides the citizen houses of the great.

"Men of Edinburgh," cried Bruce, "hear your minister. Wherefore this tumult? I bid you to depart quietly to your homes. We have a difference with the King, it is true; but let us who are the servants of God and the Kirk of Scotland settle our own matters with the King. What is your concern in the matter?"

But the more he spoke of King, the more loud grew the tumult.

"God and the Kirk! God and the Kirk!" they cried, and the Blue Blanket rose higher than ever, held up by one man standing upon the shoulders of other two.

"Aye, aye, even so; it is a good cry," said the minister; "but it would set you better to be a little more ready to obey both God and the Kirk at other times. The most part of you know not for what cause ye are come together. Ye want to roll your minister's head in the dust—"

"No, no!" cried the throng; "we will keep you safe, or know the reason why."

"Depart; scatter to your firesides," cried Bruce, "and so ye will better serve the Kirk of Scotland and me, her servant."

And with this he motioned to them with his hands, dismissing them. So great was his power that they went, scattering like reek on a windy day. In a minute or two there were none of them to be seen on the street. The minister and I were alone.

"What think ye, Launcelot? Why stand ye so moody?" the minister said to me.

I told him that I liked not much to tell him; that it was no fitting thought to tell a minister.

"Say on," he said. "I have listened to strange speeches in my time."

"Well, then, sir," I made answer, "I was thinking what a pity to see so many limber lads with stark pikes and nobody a penny the waur! I would I had them in Carrick. John Muir of Auchendrane would have news of it."

The minister slapped me on the back.

"Ah, Launce, it will be a strange Heaven that you will win to unless you mend your ways. Ye are nocht but a wild Carrick savage. But ye maun e'en dree your weird, young Launcelot, and auld Robert Bruce maun dree his. Fare ye weel."

So we parted there on the steps of his own house. And so I to horse and forth from the turbulent city that could yet make so little of its tulzies. And as I went I thought, "Lord, Lord, for one hour of Gilbert Kennedy and I to show them a better way of it! or even Robert Harburgh. And it would be like capturing Heaven by violence to enter Holyrood House in the way of stoutthrief and spulzie!"

But I only thought these things, without intent to do them. For I am a King's man and peaceable. Besides which I had spoken good words to a minister of religion. Nevertheless, what a booty would there not have been in that palace at the Canongate foot! Not that I would lay hand upon a stiver of it even if I got the chance. But the thought was marvellously refreshing, I own.

CHAPTER XXXII.

GREEK MEETS GREEK.

As I journeyed south I saw my work laid out like a perspective before me. As the minister had said, the treasure of Kelwood and the death of my master hung by one string. The House of the Red Moss was very near to the Sand Hills of Ayr. And there could be little doubt that the hand which sped the bloody dagger was the hand that had wrought my master to his death.

As the drawbridge clanged for me to ride once more within the house of Culzean, and lazy Gib stretched himself to cry that all was well, I took a resolve. It was to tell Helen Kennedy all that I knew, and ask her judgment, though I had small notion (for ordinary) of women's discretion. So, when the greetings were said, I took my opportunity and came to her when she was walking in the garden apart, where the apple-trees grow. When she had heard all she said, "Launce, you and I must ride to Auchendrayne."

"Well," said I, "and what then? Shall we bid Grieve Allison have our coffins in readiness against our return feet first?"

"We shall see my sister Marjorie," she said, "and take council with her. They will not kill us within the house of Auchendrayne while she is alive."

"I believe not that we shall have the chance," I replied. "But we may at least go and see. Whether we win back to Culzean is another matter."

But Nell was set on it, and I did not counter her, it being so that I was to ride in her company. For, indeed, I desired myself greatly to see the famous tower where dwelled a man so potent and evil. The next day I went to Maybole and found my ancient friend Robert Muir, Dominie and Session Clerk of Maybole. He sat in his school and bowed his head on his hands, for he had never looked up or taken pleasure in life since they laid my master in the burying-place of his name within the Kirkyaird of Maybole. The school hummed about him, but he took little heed. His old alertness was gone. And when I came in he only lifted his head a moment and nodded, falling back again in a moment into his old melancholy. His pipes lay beside him, indeed, but so long as I was there I did not see him recreate himself upon them, as was his ordinary wont, playing pibrochs, to his scholars' delectation, at every pause in the day's occupation.

"Dominie," said I, "there is one thing I want—"

"Say on," said he, briefly, not looking at me.

"I want speech with William Dalrymple, the lad that carried the letter to Auchendrayne the day before my Lord's death."

"Of what good is the like of that?" said he. "Will all the speech in the world bring back him that's gane?"

"No," said I, going nearer to him and speaking under my breath, "but it may help us to his murderer."

"Eh, what?" said the master, sitting up as gleg as a cat at a mouse-hole; "'his murderer,' said ye? Are not Thomas of Drummurchie and Muir of Cloncaird his declared murderers?"

"Aye," said I, "exactly—his 'declared' murderers."

"Speak less or mair; let us hae done wi' parables!" quoth the Dominie.

"What think ye," said I, "of the Gray Man that stood behind and waved them on, like a pilot guiding a ship into port. I mean the man that threw the dagger into the Red House. I mean the man that let loose the scum of the Tolbooth on us the day of Clear the Causeway."

"And who might he be?" said the Dominie, breaking in upon me, for some of these things he was not acquainted with.

"First bring in the laddie," said I.

So Dominie Muir brought Dalrymple in, and having dismissed the school, we proceeded faithfully to examine him. I asked him to tell me all that had befallen that day, from the time I had seen him run up the Kirk Vennel to the time that he saw me again upon the green at my play, and making a poor hand with another man's club.

The boy began his tale well enough, like one that says a lesson. But in the very midst, when, somewhat severely, I bade him say over again what he had said, he broke out into a passion of weeping and begging us to have mercy upon him, for that he was but a laddie, and he had been commanded upon pain of his death to tell the tale which he had told at the first.

So we bade him to speak freely, to tell no lie any more and all would be well. So he told us how he had gone fleet-foot to Auchendrayne, and had found John Muir, the master thereof, sitting with Walter of Cloncaird. He described how that he had given the letter into the Laird's hands even as he had been bidden. When he had read it he handed it over to Cloncaird. But he, swearing that he was not gleg at the reading, bade Auchendrayne to read it for him. Which, when he did, they looked long at one another. And at last John Muir said, "I should not wonder, Cloncaird, but something might come out of this."

Then the boy told how they had gripped him, set a naked dagger to his throat, and afterwards made him swear to take the letter back to them that sent him, saying that he had gone to Auchendrayne, but without seeing the Laird.

"Say," said Muir, "that the servant bade you to take back the letter unopened, because that his master was afield and he knew not when he would be home. So," concluded the boy, "even thus I did. And this is the truth, or may God strike me dead!"

The Dominie and I looked each at the other in our turns.

"The Gray Man himself," said I.

"The Black Deil himsel'," said he.

"We will exorcise him," cried Dominie. "I am gaun direct to the bailies and elders to tell them that this school has vacation till it pleases me to take it up again."

So he went out, and I waited alone with William Dalrymple, all whose rosy and innocent face was beblubbered with weeping.

I slapped him on the shoulder and bade him take heart, because he had found friends, and told him that on the morrow he must come with me to the Earl of Cassillis, and it might be to the King himself.

"Will the Dominie come too?" the boy asked, very anxiously.

And when I told him that he would, he seemed more satisfied, and asked leave to go home to his mother.

I had, indeed, something to tell Nell that night when I rode home from Maybole. And upon the head of it we sat long in talk, and were more than ever set on riding to Auchendrayne. But first we decided that the Dominie and I should carry William Dalrymple to the Earl, that he might testify what he had already testified to us in the school-house in the Kirk Vennel.

But on the morrow we, the Dominie and I, had set to ride to Cassillis by way of Maybole. On the way we came to the little hut of the widow Dalrymple—for William was a town's scholar, and so got his learning from the Session as a poor scholar. The door was shut, and a neighbor's wife cried to us that both the boy and his mother had gone to Cassillis before us. So we rode on. Yet we must have missed them on the way, for when we came to the Castle Yett there was nobody before us, and the Earl himself had ridden forth to the hawking by the water-side.

Then came Sir Thomas Tode with his long story, which began with the Black Vaut of Dunure, and was proceeding by devious ways, when his wife came round the corner, whereat right briskly he changed his tune.

"And as I was saying," he said, "on Tuesday seven nights we had a shrewd frost that nipped the buds."

"It is as well for you, old dotard," cried his wife, listening a moment; "I had thought ye were at your auld tricks again."

We went in, and were busily partaking of the cheer of Mistress Tode, when we became aware of the noise of altercation without.

"Save us!" said the cook. "It is a mercy that neither my Lord nor my Lady is within-gate, wi' a' that narration. What can it be at a'?"

And she went out to inquire.

But if that disturbance was loud before, it certainly be-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2037.

"THE SCHOOL HUMMED ABOUT HIM, BUT HE TOOK LITTLE HEED."

came ten times worse when Mistress Tode disappeared. I got up to look, and the Dominie followed me. We saw a tall gray-haired woman stand upon the causeway of the court-yard, with one hand on her hip, and with the other tossing back the straying locks from her brow.

"Where's my boy, Mistress Tode?" cried she, fiercely, to our friend the cook, who stood upon the steps. "What hae ye dune wi' my laddie at the black House of Cassillis? He left his hame to come here by command o' my Lord an' young Launce of Culzean at five this morning. An' Jock Edgar met him set on a pony between twa men on horseback, and he declares that the puir lad was greeting sair. What hae ye dune wi' him, ye misleared, ill-favored Tode woman ye?"

"Weel ken ye, Meg Dalrymple," cried Mistress Thomas Tode, "that I wadna steal ony chance-gotten loon of yours. Faith na, I wadna fyle my parritch-spurtle on his back. We shelter nae lazy gaberlunzie speldrons in the House of Cassillis. There is enough rack and ruin about the country as it is, withoot gatherin' in every gypsy brat and prowling nighthawk to its walls. Gin ye come here to insult my master, a belted Earl, I'll e'en set the dowgs on ye, ye ill-tongued limmer woman."

I saw that this was to be another kind of tulzie from those clattering bickers of the sword-blades that I knew something about. So I signed to the Dominie to be silent, for here were of a surety two foemen worthy of each other's points.

"Ye shall cast no stour in my e'en, certes!" cried Meg Dalrymple. "I ken ye, ye auld yeld crummie Tode. Ye hae nae bairns o' your ain, and ye wad kidnap the bonny bairn o' a decent woman."

"I dare say no, nae bairns o' my ain, quo she," cried Mistress Tode, roused to high anger. "I micht hae had as mony as a clockin' hen gin I had gane the gate ye gaed, Meg Dalrymple. I'll hae the law on ye, ye randy, casting up my man to me."

"Your man, quo she!" said Meg Dalrymple. "Ca' ye that auld bundle o' dishclouts tied aboot wi' hippins a *man?* Save us, one micht as soon bed ayont a pair of auld breeks!"

"Aye, my man!" cried Mistress Tode; "what hae ye to say, ye shameless woman, again Sir Thomas Tode, that has been Earl's chaplain for forty year, and my lawfu' wedded man for ten?"

Mistress Tode rang out the titles like a herald when her husband was gainsaid and made light of. But, as we know, on occasions she could treat him lightly enough.

"I wad as sune mairry a heather cow for soopin' the rink at the channel stanes," cried Meg Dalrymple. And this implication came near to the feelings of the lady of Sir Thomas Tode more than all the other reproaches. For the brush of tonsure hair was a sore subject for jesting with her, as I knew well.

"I hae telled ye," she cried, pausing a moment with her hand on her side, as if to keep command of herself—"I hae telled ye, woman, that we only deal with kenned and authenticate folk in this hoose—no wi' orra loons that nane kens wha belangs them! And I wad hae ye ken that I am no to be named a liar by the like o' you, Meg Dalrymple—me that has been keeper o' the larder keys for a' this Earl's castle for fifteen year; me that has had the outgiving o' all plenishing, the power o' down-sitting and on-putting, and never hae been checked in a bodle's worth. Gang hame, ye Canaanitish woman, and I doot na ye'll find your brat in the bridewell. It will learn ye to come to decent folk's houses making such a cry about your wastrel runnagates."

"Keep your ill tongue for that disjaskit, ill put thegither rachle o' banes that ye hae for guidman. Weel do I ken that ye hae my bairn hidden awa' somegate amang ye. Sic a trade as has been hidden wi' the puir bit laddie for carryin' a letter to the Laird o' Auchendrayne. An' the like o' you to stand in my way, Tode woman, that is weel kenned in sax pairishes for an ill-tongued gypsy. I'll hae ye proclaimed at the market cross, a Lord's cook though ye be, gin ye dinna gie me my bairn."

"Na," said Mistress Tode, more quietly, "an' you'll no. Ye'll e'en ask my pardon and gang quietly away to your hame."

"And wha is gaun to gar me to that?" said Meg Dalrymple.

"Just me and this wee bit mannikie here," said Mistress Thomas Tode, turning round unexpectedly and catching the Dominie Muir by the arm. She pushed him forward and clapped him on the shoulder. "Just this decent snod bit mannikie!" she said again.

"Woman," said the Dominie, very indignantly, "what have I to do with your quarrels and tongue-thrashings?"

"Juist this, honest man," said Mistress Tode: "Ye keep the Session records o' the parish o' Maybole. And if this ill-tongued woman disna gang hame doucely and quaitly, ye are the man that is going to gie me a sicht and extract o' them under date fourteenth o' Januar, fifteen hundred and aughty years."

The stroke told. Meg Dalrymple grew silent. The anger faded out of her face suddenly as the shining on wet sand when you lift your foot. The warlike crook of her elbow flattened out to a droop. For the Session records of Scotland are the nearest thing to the Books of the Recording Angel, and the opening of them is a little Day of Judgment to half the parish.

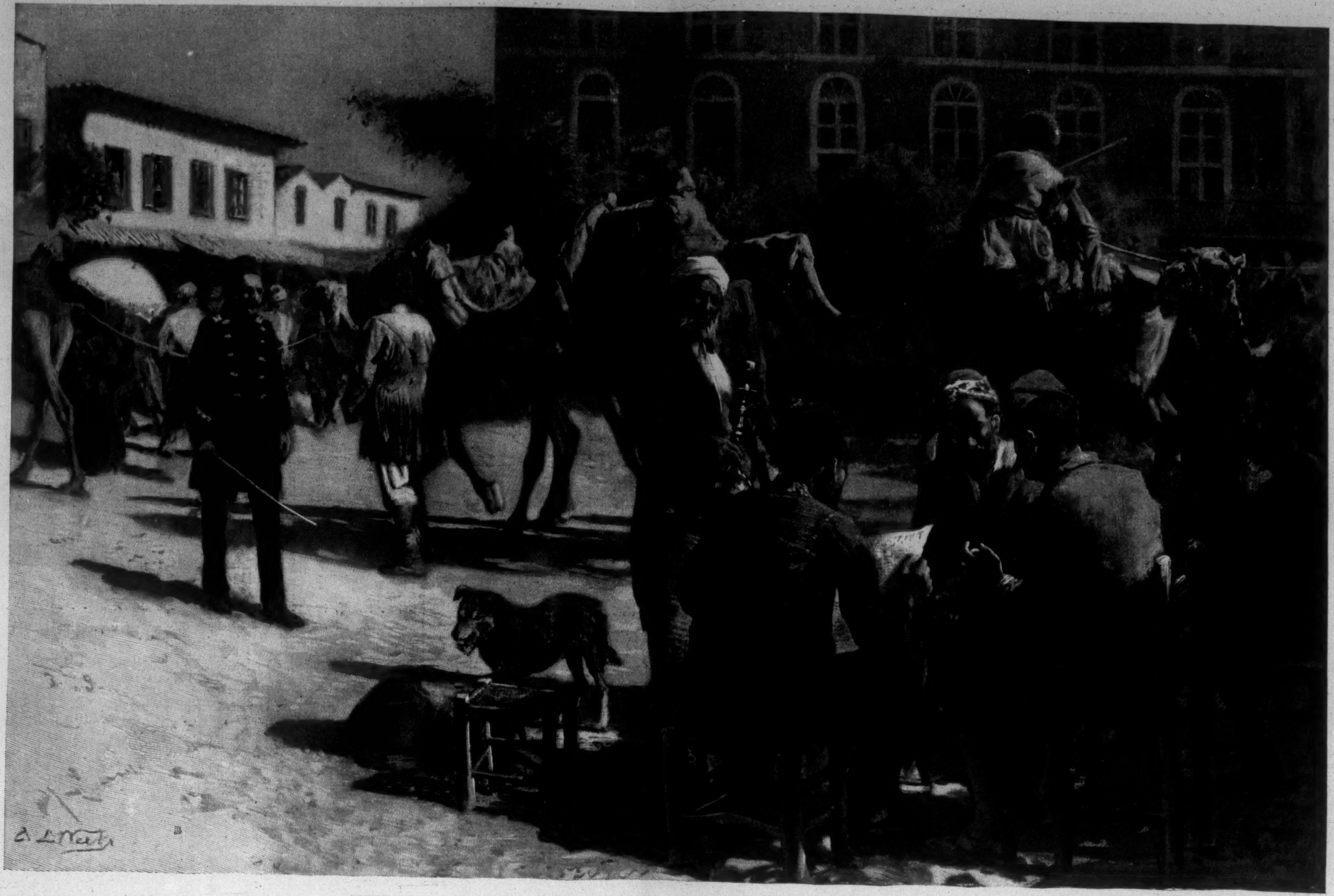
But we could not let the poor woman depart in this fashion. I stepped to the door from behind the pillar where I had been listening.

"Mistress Dalrymple," I said, very quietly, "your lad has never come to Cassillis at all. We came here to meet him. He must have lost his way."

"Maister Launcelot," said Meg Dalrymple, in a changed voice, "ye come o' a guid, kind hoose, and ye tell no lies. I am free to believe you. But my bairn is tint a' the same. What will I do? Oh, what will I do?"

"Go home and bide quiet," I bade her. "I shall speak to the Earl. And fear not but we will find your lad if he be in the land."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SCENE IN THE PRINCIPAL SQUARE OF TREBIZOND.—Drawn by Edwin Lord Weeks.—[See Page 395.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler celebrated, on Easter Sunday, the fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of his activities as a minister by preaching at morning service in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, of which he was for thirty years the pastor. Dr. Cuyler looks back on the work of his life so far as it has progressed with lively and enviable satisfaction. Since he began to practise his profession he has preached about 5000 sermons (nearly two a week), delivered a vast number of moral and religious addresses, and written seventy-four tracts, fifteen books, and about 4000 articles for the religious newspapers, besides making pastoral calls without number. He mentioned these details of his labors in the address which preceded his jubilee sermon, and incidentally felicitated himself that never since he became a minister had he spent a Sunday "on a bed of sickness." Dr. Cuyler is a graduate of Princeton of the class of 1841, and also of the Princeton Theological Seminary. The theology which he brought fifty years ago from New Jersey seems to have lasted him well and never to have required revision. When he returned thanks the other day for his early training he proclaimed his sense of its sufficiency, and averred that no gales of "higher criticism" had ever ruffled a feather of his faith "in the perfect inspiration, the perfect infallibility, and the perfect authority of the Bible."

Dr. Cuyler believes strongly in total abstinence "and the suppression of the iniquitous drink traffic," and has lent his strength all his life to the fight against exhilarating beverages. Vigorous and enthusiastic at seventy-four, with half a century of continuous activity behind him, he presents an edifying example of the efficacy of unintoxicating drinks to keep the wheels of life in active revolution.

Another, and even more edifying example of abstinent endurance, is offered by General Neal Dow, of Maine, who was ninety-two years old on the 20th of last month, and of whom the Maine papers boast that he is unabated in intensity and "able to assail his opponents with all his old-time vigor." It will be remembered that General Dow is the father of prohibition, the instigator and upholder of the Maine law, and the personal enemy of the demon Rum. He is a remarkably persistent old warrior, and a discouragement to persons who believe in temperance as distinguished from abstinence, and who prefer self-control to legislative deprivation. The opinion, which is not without its adherents, that folks who try to make it impossible to get drunk are too much wiser than the Almighty, who merely made it inexpedient, gets neither countenance nor toleration from General Dow, but even people who cannot back him in his prohibitive proclivities may applaud his convincing demonstration that alcohol is not always indispensable to protracted and energetic existence.

The Harvard faculty have voted to add a course of Russian to the college curriculum, and to give it at least a five years' trial. Our relations with Russia give promise of being somewhat closer than they have been in the past Within the last four months there has been much talk and much thought about the traditional friendship of Russia to the United States. Russia's friendship is felt to be worth keeping and cultivating, and in the cultivation of it the services of Americans who can speak and read the Russian language may come to be in demand. Most people know that the Russian government is building a railroad across Siberia to the Pacific, but it is not so generally known that a survey is being made up the coast of Alaska for a possible railroad which shall cross Bering Strait on a bridge, connect with the Siberian road, and make possible an overland journey to Europe. If such a road prove to be commercially practicable, western America and eastern Russia will find it mutually profitable to be on speaking terms. Other opportunities to talk Russian are suggested by the recent discoveries of gold in Alaska, and finally it is within the bounds of possibilities that Uncle Sam may some time find it expedient to put his consular and diplomatic service on such a basis that it may pay young men to qualify themselves for service in it by learning all the important languages of modern Europe.

The more that transpires about the operations of the late cashier, George Barnard, of the Fort Stanwix Bank of Rome, the deeper is the public sense that he behaved somewhat ungraciously in taking an abrupt departure from this world, leaving his methods and the scope and motives of his operations to disclose themselves by slow and unsatisfactory processes. Every new evidence of Barnard's rascality that comes to light makes his case more interesting. The recent disclosure of his success in looting the remains of the George Clark estate of some fifty thousand dollars makes his doings more perplexing than ever. The survivors of the wrecks that he made speculate sorrowfully as to what on earth he did with all their money. He had no vices except an excessive addiction to work. He worked hard and never rested, and the results that he accomplished were so remarkable that there is general lamentation that he did not stay on and explain about them. It is long since any man of letters has left behind an unfinished story the discontinuance of which has been so earnestly lamented as that which was abandoned by Barnard.

The game of basket-ball played at Cambridge on April 2d, between seven girls from Dr. Anderson's Physical Training School at New Haven and the seven of Dr. Sargent's Cambridge Gymnasium seems to have left behind it heart-burnings and painful sentiments subversive of true sport. The Anderson girls went home with the impression that the Sargent girls were sluggers, and not only did not know how to play basket-ball with ladies, but were not equal to the courteous entertainment of visiting players. These are disparaging suggestions, and quite as grievous as any that have been used to emanate from Cambridge after a football game with Yale. It seems not unlikely that tennis and golf are sports better suited for competitions between young women than games which involve impetuous personal contact.

A movement is afoot in London for the expulsion of Gilbert's statue of John Bright from Westminster Palace. The objection to the statue is that it is a caricature, and is utterly unworthy and inadequate. Inasmuch as Mr. Bright's sons join in the desire to have it put out of sight, the dissatisfaction with it must be well founded.

Some time before New York's capacity for monuments is exhausted a statue of Bright may be added to her collection. Bright fairly earned a monument on American soil. Not many English statesmen have enjoyed that honor. One of the few was William Pitt, to the memory of whose services to the American colonies a modest stone stands in a conspicuous square in the village of Dedham, Massachusetts.

General Harrison and Mrs. Dimmick were married on Easter-Monday according to their intentions and with the consent, and a very limited amount of the supervision, of their fellow-citizens. It was rumored that the marriage did not win the unanimous approbation of the Harrison family, but though that is unfortunate, it does not dispose of the fact that the maxim that it is not good for man to be alone has never been formally exempted from application to persons who have been Presidents of the United States.

The embarrassments to which women, and married women especially, are liable when subject to military service are painfully illustrated by the bereavement of Mrs. Booth-Tucker, whose six-weeks-old baby died in England shortly after its mother sailed, under orders, for New York. About the same time another daughter of General Booth, Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, lost a young child in India. It is a considerable undertaking to raise babies, and to satisfy the obligations of motherhood and be an active officer in the Salvation Army at the same time would seem to be an extreme task even for such disciplined and energetic women as the Booths.

Augustus Hoppin, of Providence, who died on April 2d, was well known in the days of his activity and is still widely remembered as an illustrator of books. His pictures are familiar to readers of Mr. Curtis's *Potiphar Papers*, of *Nothing to Wear*, and of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. He was himself the author of a number of amusing books, both of travel and of fiction, which he illustrated and which found favor in their day. He was born in Providence in 1828, and was a graduate of Brown University.

Consul-General De Kay sends word from Berlin, through the State Department, that he has secured a room in the Berlin Art International Exhibition for the paintings of American artists. At this writing the American artists who live at home have not given any assurance that they will send pictures to Berlin; but if they should conclude to do so, a selection from works offered will be made by an American committee in New York, and the chosen pictures will be carried to Berlin and back free of charge.

Word comes from London that the reign of the American girl in Great Britain is ended. The report is that the British damsel has learned her lesson, and has come to be as lively and brilliant as her American cousin, and is a winner once more in the competition between them. If the news is true, there will be few mourners. None of the Americans, except the ladies immediately concerned, have taken any great amount of comfort in our girls' success in London. The American men and the British ladies have been of one mind about it. Both have disapproved. The international marriage has had a certain usefulness in bringing the Americans and the English into closer relations, but the advantages of it have been too one-sided. Nine times out of ten the United States has lost a citizen and England has gained one. It is time for a more equitable arrangement to obtain. Perhaps, if it is true that English women have developed new charms and graces, some of our young men may begin to go a-courting beyond the seas. Would it avail them anything? Perhaps so; but that is still to be demonstrated. We have been used to realize that English men of large matrimonial opportunities are liable to marry American women, but it is still to be shown that an English woman who is in a position to have good offers at home is in any danger at all of marrying out of her own land and into the United States. The English women have not always seemed superlatively attractive to the English men, but hitherto the English men have almost invariably been good enough for the English women.

Thomas Wharton, journalist and novelist, died in Philadelphia on Saturday, April 4th. His first novel, with the title of *A Latter-Day Saint*, was published in 1888, and was followed by *Hannibal in New York*. Several of Mr. Wharton's shorter stories were contributed to Harper's Magazine. One of these, entitled "Bobbo," was of remarkable merit. Many of the types of his characters were distinctly Philadelphian. Mr. Wharton's verses, not as well known as was his prose, were full of grace. Being essentially a musician, he had the special faculty of writing songs. Thomas Wharton, born in Philadelphia in 1859, was the son of Henry Wharton, who was a famous lawyer in his time. His uncle was Dr. Francis Wharton, the well-known international jurist.

It is a nice thing, an appropriate one, for the New York Shakespeare Society to invite Mr. Augustin Daly to be their guest at a dinner on Wednesday evening, April 22d, which date is a singularly fortunate one, since it happens on the eve of the three-hundred-and-thirty-first anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. This festival, given in Mr. Daly's honor, is a public recognition of his scholarship and devotion "to the highest standards of dramatic excellence." It is not the mounting alone of Shakespeare in an appropriate manner which has prompted this expression of public opinion, but because, as a manager, Mr. Daly has been indefatigable in inculcating a proper taste for the drama.

If in England the declaration of the House of Commons favoring the opening of the public galleries in London of a Sunday afternoon must be of great advantage to the poorer classes, at the beginning it will be a source of overwork not alone to the guardians of public institutions, but particularly to those employed in locomotion. Extra trains will have to be run, with a more continuous service of tram cars and omnibuses, entailing additional labor. It is not, however, supposable that the people having to do with locomotion will have to labor during the whole week. All such matters regulate themselves in time. As an instance of how the labor question can be arranged, the case of the Birmingham Reference Library may be cited, which library is open every day. On Sunday, Jews are employed. It may be stated that on certain occasions Jews make use of those not of their faith, as on Saturdays when, in their synagogues, furnace fires or lights are attended to by Christians, and so two days of rest, with different observances, are found convenient.

E. S. Martin.

CHICAGO.

The Ohio law on the subject of theatre hats has attracted a good deal of attention in Chicago. If it should prove a real remedy for the evil, its example will find imitation in other communities, and generations will rise up to call its author blessed. The latest report from Ohio is to the effect that the women are planning revenge in the form of a retaliatory law directed against men who go out to see other men during intermissions. And yet we are told of the civilizing influence to be exerted by woman when she gets into politics. The trouble with the Ohio law seems to be that it is not directed against the wearer of the hat as the real offender, but against the manager of the theatre that she afflicts with her presence. If he cannot persuade her to remove her hat, he must suffer vicariously. Troublous times are evidently in store for theatre people in Ohio, and, should the movement spread, in other parts of the country. One of our theatres, it is worth noting, has for a long time past printed at the head of its programme the pithy phrase, "The way to deal with the big hat is to take it off." In fact, the hat is as unpopular from the box-office stand-point as it is from that of the unfortunate spectator whose view it obstructs. That it drives men to drink does not greatly concern the manager, but he is concerned that it so disgusts his patrons as to keep them away from his playhouse. Several of our managers were recently interviewed upon the subject, and expressed their disapproval of the hat in the strongest terms. They also asserted that hats are not tolerated in English theatres, a statement not strictly true. It so chances that Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote the other day in the *Saturday Review* of his sad experiences in a London theatre, and his vigorous remarks are worth quoting. "The stalls were filled for the most part by quite the most disagreeable collection of women I have ever seen. They all wore huge towering hats, piled up, for the more effectual obstruction of the view, with every conceivable futility, vulgarity, and brutality (in the dead-bird line) that a pushing shopkeeper can force on the head of a woman in whom conscience, intelligence, character, conviction, sympathy, and every other attribute of an active and awakened nature are represented solely by a dull fear of not being in the fashion."

When the time came, the other day, for the inauguration of the new Olympian Games at Athens, the Greeks of Chicago were ready with a celebration of their own. Leaving their banana-carts at home, they began their festivities with high mass in the Greek church, then formed themselves into a procession and marched through the principal streets of the business districts, then held a "festival of oratory" in the Turner Hall, and wound up with a national ball, with characteristic music, costumes, and dances. It was a great day for Greece, and the Turkish oppressor found no one to say a good word for him.

At the spring Convocation of the University of Chicago, held on April 2d, four head professorships, in departments up to that time theoretically headless, were filled by promotion. Professor Paul Shorey (in Greek), Professor Eliakim H. Moore (in mathematics), Professor Henry H. Donaldson (in neurology), and Professor John U. Nef (in chemistry), were the men thus distinguished. All have been connected with the university from the beginning, and rank high among American scholars in their respective branches of learning. Prince Wolkonsky, of St. Petersburg, was the Convocation orator, and made a graceful address. The applause which greeted him did not, however, seem to extend to the President when he said: "To him, to his countrymen, and to his ruler, the Tsar of Russia, we give our warmest greetings and our best wishes. Between Russia and the United States there has always existed a strong friendship. May this friendship continue, and may its influence, in so far as such influence is helpful and uplifting, be exercised by both countries, each upon the other, with an ever-increasing degree of intensity!" It will now be in order for some patriot to take President Harper to task for speaking good words of an effete European despotism. The next thing we know he will be praising Spain or England.

Speaking of theatres reminds one of the failure of the Duse subscription in Chicago. Signora Duse consented to play in this city provided enough advance orders were given for season seats to insure a successful engagement. When the time for booking came, only twenty-eight seats were subscribed for, and the provisional engagement was declared off. The precaution was obviously a wise one on the part of the great actress, and no one has the right to criticise her for doing, with respect to a single city, what every foreign artist does for the American engagement as a whole. But our newspapers seem to have taken her action as an affront, and have indulged in a good deal of undignified comment. Their anxiety to show that they do not care makes it evident that they are very much concerned indeed, and the childishness of their attitude is as marked as its ill-natured expression.

W. M. P.

BOSTON.

The Hasty-Pudding Club will produce this month in Boston a three-act comedy entitled *Brangle Brink, or A Weary Wanderer's Woful Wooing*, the libretto and music by undergraduate members of the club. The club is no longer permitted by the college authorities to give their annual play in New York; but the University of Penn-

sylvania has allowed its Mask and Wig Club to make arrangements for the production of their new play, *No Gentleman of France*, in Boston, under the auspices of the ancient Pudding Club.

It seems to be a settled fact that the elective system and the increase in the numbers of students have broken up the social systems of some of our great universities, and notably that of Harvard. Had the growth of this university been cellular—that is, if one college after another had been added under the same university government—a new social system would have grown up, and it would have been possible to maintain a closer personal supervision over the students, while at the same time the college feeling inside of the university would have been substituted for the class feeling, now almost moribund.

Some twenty years ago four boat clubs, to which students belonged according to the location of their rooms, held races for several years as a substitute for the class races. These clubs, like the factious at Rome, had their distinctive colors, and their contentions awakened great interest, although the class races soon came into vogue again. The success of Harvard on the river during these years showed that this system produced as good oars as did the old class races.

Until a new college is founded under the wing of the university, why should not the erection of another dining-hall, with spacious common rooms attached, like those at Magdalen College, Oxford, serve all academic purposes better than the proposed University Club. It would be easy later to divide the present unwieldy academic department into parts, each having its social centre, each a dining-hall and common rooms, and each to a certain extent a separate college, looking about for a benefactor and a name.

The new librarian of the Boston Public Library is making great efforts to bring the books in the library into use by the scholars of the public schools, by a system of giving the school-children free access to books, both in the main library and in its branches. Children are often too apt to look at books as things apart from pleasant daily life, in fact, as mere instruments of torture. If Mr. Putnam succeeds in making a number of the Boston school-children look upon books as agreeable friends and companions, he will not have lived in vain.

The inventor of curve pitching has been quietly living in Athol, Massachusetts, selling wall-papers. Years ago, while throwing clam-shells from a beach, he noticed their curves in flight, and after years of practice in trying to get a similar curve for a baseball, he found himself enabled one day, when pitching for a Brooklyn baseball club, to send in two out-curves in succession to Archie Bush, of the Harvards, and ever afterwards he controlled the ball in the modern way. He gave lessons to a Princeton pitcher and to Avery of Yale. All old Harvard men remember well that, in 1874, Yale, with Avery as pitcher, succeeded, for the first time in the history of the two colleges, in winning a game of baseball for Yale against Harvard. The next year Ernst got the trick, and Harvard regained her laurels from Yale.

J. T. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

WITH the coming of spring the production of flowers is so profuse throughout the middle and southern parts of the State that the prices, even in San Francisco, fall to almost nothing. Flowers in any season are cheap in California as compared to New York. All winter good-sized corsage bunches of the Parma, Russian, and California violet can be bought for from twenty to twenty-five cents, the blossoms being much larger and more fragrant than those of the East. Indeed, the California violet, with a flower as large as a small pansy and a long flexile stalk, is a most remarkable growth. In the spring similar bunches go down to ten cents, and on the street corners may be bought for a nickel. This year competition among the florists and over-production in the rose market have reduced Maréchal Niel, Jack, Dijon, and La France roses to fifteen cents a dozen. In the South the floral output is something prodigious. The rose-vines are a thick mass of blossom. At the Santa Barbara Flower Festival ten thousand roses are frequently used in the decoration of one turn-out.

The mining stampede to Alaska is beginning to disconcert the dwellers in that distant dependency. The inhabitants of Juneau are suffering from the petty thieving of the unemployed prospectors and drifting scum of humanity which always floats on the edge of the mining ground-swell. Once Juneau could make the boast that no door or window in its length and breadth ever needed a lock. Now not only locks are needed, but pistols. The inhabitants are so dismayed at the character of the influx that they talk of chartering a vessel and shipping as many of the recent importations as possible back to Puget Sound. From the miners themselves come reports of hardships and privations, which do not seem to deter the adventurous, as it is estimated that by the middle of June there will be ten thousand prospectors in the Yukon and Cooks Inlet districts. What the struggle for existence is in these northern latitudes may be imagined when one learns that there are only from sixty to eighty days in the year in which prospecting is possible. Those who have weathered a winter there warn the tenderfoot to bring at least $300 to live on during the year. It is not probable that he will clear enough in his first summer to support him during the succeeding winter, under which circumstances he runs a fair chance of starvation. Meantime the atmosphere of the mining-camp spreads northward, even inside the arctic circle. At Circle City there are already thirteen saloons, and theatrical shows are given every week.

Southern California is jubilant over its successful orange yield. On the 1st of April was made the last shipment of fine navel oranges for the season of '96. For thirty days before that the packing-houses and shipping-stations teemed with life, and the close-packed cars pulled out in rapid succession with their tribute for the Eastern market. Not since '91 have the growers received so good a price for the first-class navels—the choice oranges of California. For the last week of March good navels sold at prices which netted $2 20 per box, and the best yielded as high a profit as $2 60 per box. The total output of the year was 5700 carloads. It is estimated that the frost at Riverside in the end of December destroyed fully 1000 carloads. Had it not been for this the season of '96 would have been a great orange year in the South.

The Santa Barbara Flower Festival takes place in the middle of April, succeeded the following week by the fiesta at Los Angeles. This makes a very great rush to the South, as people in northern and middle California are beginning to realize that the floral *fêtes* of these two enterprising southern towns are unique in this country. So far Santa Barbara's festival has held the palm. It has been distinguished for superior beauty, artistic excellence, and refinement. There is but little business, and certainly no "hustle," in the old mission town, and the exquisite beauty of its annual *fête* has never been marred by the introduction of advertisements or outside enterprise. All the inhabitants club together to exclude this element, and the floral and sylvan charm of the festival has never been shown the blighty influence of the advertising agent or the Western Rustler. Los Angeles, which is now the second largest town in the State, has not so spotless a record, and allowed all sorts of advertising quacks to flaunt their wares in the procession last year. This year it promises to exclude all such extraneous matter. The fiesta is to reproduce many of the old Spanish games and customs.

G. B.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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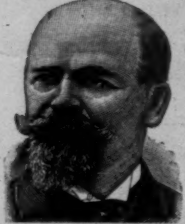

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AMATEUR SPORT

The Detroit Athletic Club has just furnished a convincing illustration of how far it has fallen from the plane on which it once so firmly stood. Incidentally it has demonstrated the pertinence of this Department's recent criticism of the Central Association for recreancy to its athletic sponsorship. Substantially, too, it has proved the defiance of the Amateur Athletic Union by its branches, and shown the startling indifference of the parent body to such insubordination.

On April 1st the finals of the boxing and wrestling championships of the Central Association of the A. A. U. were held, under the auspices and in the house of the Detroit Athletic Club. Of the winners of the seven events, two only there are whose amateur status is above suspicion. The remaining five have been such notorious offenders against the accepted standard of amateur sport that their antecedents appear almost to be common property at Detroit. Several letters I have received coincide in details and with my own investigations, and all unite in condemning the Detroit Club officials, who cannot plead ignorance to facts that were even ventilated through the columns of their local press.

Two of the boxers had previously fought under aliases, and one of these even entered this "amachoor" tourney under his "other" name. One boxer was brought out by a local colored "sport," and fought for money two years ago in Toledo; another's name has been backed all winter by a local saloon-keeper for $250; another was recently arrested and fined for his intended part in a "quiet fight for a fat purse."

Nice men these for a club—which, I presume, has yet remaining some gentlemen on its membership roll—to exploit as amateurs!

And the governors of the Detroit Athletic Club wonder why it is not more prosperous!

Investigating such dirty athletic cattle is unpleasant work, and I do not relish it. I feel almost as though I should apologize to sportsmen for taking up so much of the Department's space in discussing these matters. But if my athletic "slumming" will only strengthen the determination of sportsmen to aid in the cause, if it will bring club officials to a proper sense of duty, and put us all in touch for a united effort for clean, honest amateur sport, I will willingly wade knee-deep into the mire. I wish to make this statement here and now because I have had to do so much of this exposing of the athletically unclean in the last six months, and I wish those of the readers of this Department who are mere spectators, rather than workers in the effort making throughout the country for honest sport, to understand the motive. I desire to enlist not the sympathy of my readers, but their active co-operation.

This Department stands for honest, manly, clean sport, and all its work is to that end. There are others, many of them, equally as interested, equally as earnest—is it asking too much that each and every one of them use his influence to that same end in his respective habitat?

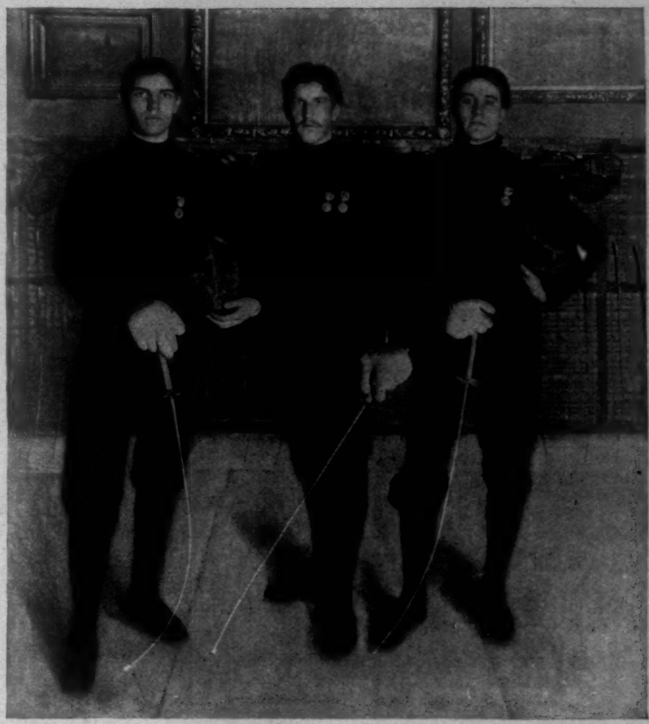
If athletic criminality, such as that with which the Detroit Club stands adjudged, were only local in its influence, it might be merely a question of passing sentence by the athletic legislative body, and loss of respect in the community for the club's president and governors, and, because of them, for the club itself. But the influence spreads wider. It vitiates the amateur sport atmosphere not only in Detroit itself, but throughout the entire section over which its particular legislative body has control. It even affects, to some extent, those athletic sections nearest it. Bad examples are followed more quickly than good ones. No situation gives greater cause for alarm, be it in sport or in the more serious affairs of life, than that which finds a guardian indifferent to dishonest overtures—or corrupted to their practice. Recreancy to trust is the least severe charge we may make. It is from this point of view that the most unwholesome light is thrown upon the Detroit Club's ethical insensibility. Not only did the governors of the Detroit Athletic Club offend the principles of amateur sport, but their offence was overlooked (which in athletics is another word for encouraged) by the Central Association, which stands as sponsor for amateur athletics throughout a large section of the middle West. It remains to be seen whether this wave of athletic degeneracy rolling Eastward will drown the feeble, half-hearted protests of the Amateur Athletic Union, or even whether that national body will utter any protests at all.

There is no question, of course, that the Central Association should have suspended the Detroit A. C. There is no question that, so failing in its duty, this Western body should be brought without delay by the Amateur Athletic Union to a proper fulfilment of its office, or punished for its disobedience. There is no excuse here for lack of evidence. No plea of ignorance may be advanced to temper the punishment of any concerned. The course of the national body is defined, and should be pursued unhesitatingly.

The A.A.U. has humbly accepted so many undignified affronts, small wonder its branches disregard their affiliations—small wonder it has grown to be considered as an organization with multitudinous rules and by-laws, and no power, or, still worse, no wish, to enforce them. To have neither the respect of sportsmen nor fear of the "sporting gentry" is a lamentable result indeed, and yet that very nearly describes the plight in which the Amateur Athletic Union just now finds itself, for no other reason than the halting uncourageous policy it has followed.

If the cause of amateur sport had been nearer its heart than the feverish wish to add clubs to its roll, it would to-day be strong and respected.

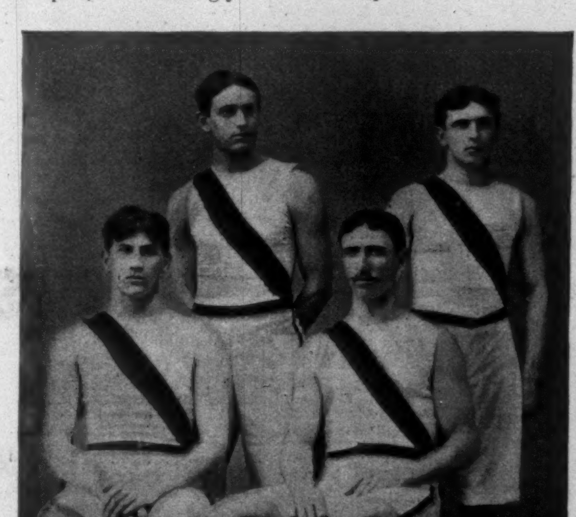
The chances for the A.A.U. to become other than a mere name are growing few; the opportunity to enlist the respect and co-operation of sportsmen is rapidly passing from the national body. Unless the Board of Managers shortly—very shortly—gives some evidence of its official existence, and stems the flow of these athletic debaucheries it has been countenancing, I shall expect to see the birth of a new athletic body, organized in the interest of clean, honest amateur sport, membered only by



Austin Riggs. J. P. Parker, Winner of Roosevelt Medal. J. E. Hoffman.

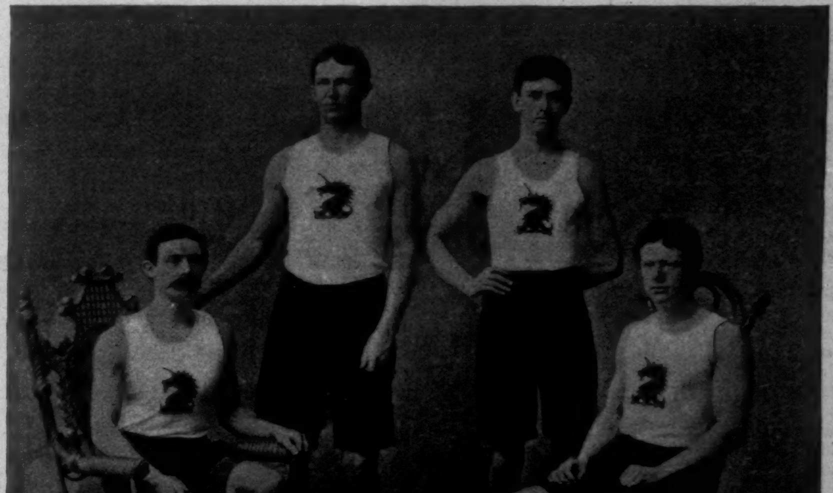
HARVARD'S WINNING TEAM AT THE JUNIOR FENCING CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE JUNIOR FENCING COMPETITION AT THE FENCERS' CLUB.



A. C. Tyler, '97. F. A. Lane, '97. Robert Garrett, Jun., '97. H. B. Jamison, '97.

PRINCETON'S OLYMPIC TEAM.



Arthur Blake. Ellery H. Clark. Thomas E. Burke. T. P. Curtis.

THE BOSTON ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OLYMPIC TEAM.

the respectable clubs of the United States, and governed by gentlemen. When that comes to pass, as it unquestionably will, unless matters mend speedily, the A.A.U.'s jurisdiction will have ceased to exist beyond the boxing and other clubs that now harbor the riffraff of the athletic world.

It is not only that the present disregard of its official utterances is humiliating to the A.A.U., and therefore a negative influence in its work, but it is that the whole field of amateur athletics in the United States is a like sufferer, since the A. A. U. stands as its protector and promoter. Thus if the A. A. U. cannot assure peace and health to those in its care, the natural sequence is the institution of another body that can. For the amateur athletic spirit is strong in the land—never so strong nor so widespread as in this year of 1896.

PRESIDENT McMILLAN OF THE A. A. U. has been one of the few in that body's legislative hall to raise a voice against the rabble. Let us see what he and "Father Bill" Curtis and J. E. Sullivan can do for the good cause now, in this crisis of the A. A. U.; for crisis it is, with life or death to that body as the outcome. Meanwhile will Mr. McMillan tell the sportsmen of the country why the New England Association is permitted to harbor clubs that are notoriously semi-professional? Why the A. A. U. accepts complacently the refusal of that association to punish its guilty club? Why the Central Association is not commanded to punish the Detroit Athletic Club for exploiting as amateurs men who have no claims to such distinction? Why it does not drop from its membership clubs that are notoriously "slugging" dens, and breeders of the genus "amachoor" in its most obnoxious type? We shall all be glad to hear from President McMillan on these questions.

IT IS A RELIEF TO TURN from the unwholesome exhibits of the Detroit A. C. to the healthful activity of the Bankers Athletic Club of Chicago. Here is a new club which has set out upon the right lines, and has put men in office who are determined to keep it so. Needless to say, it comes into a warm welcome in the middle West. There never was a more opportune moment for the advent of a determined, fearless exponent of honest sport, now that sportsmen, and even the general public, unthinking, oftentimes ignorant as it is, are grown intolerant of the deceits and scandals that have been thrust upon them by so-called amateur clubs. Nor is there a locality that holds out more encouragement to healthful athletic rivalry—and at the same time offers more territory for the missionary—than Chicago and its environs.

The Bankers Club membership is limited to men employed in banks, and has attained the very satisfactory figure of 600. As yet the club rents its home, and has not settled upon grounds—all of which will come in good season.

The point worthy of comment at the moment is the birth of a new and strong institution, settled in its conviction to live healthfully on the only prosperous basis of sport for its own sake. The club can do much good in its especial section; it has such an opportunity as has not been given many clubs, and it need not stand alone in its efforts, since the Chicago Athletic Association has set its face against the athletic impurities by which it formerly was befouled. It seems to me that some sort of an alliance between the two would result happily for each.

I NOTE, BY-THE-WAY, AND COMMEND the Chicago A. A.'s firm stand against the so-called amateur boxers. The plaint of these "sluggers" over the quality of prizes needs no comment. The club is well rid of its boxing element—'twas that more than any other that so befogged its amateur atmosphere. I expect the Chicago club to stand by the promises for reform some of its most active workers made me two months ago. The character of the club's sponsors gives that assurance.

So too in the new club—whose president, Frank E. Brown, is a sportsman and unqualifiedly opposed to dishonest athletics—there is every reason for confidence in the future. Mr. Brown has surrounded himself with an able directory, and the club managers of the various branches of sport have been wisely chosen. Too much store, however, must not be set on the mere winning; that is the chief menace of all good sport. I even question the advisability in so young a club seeking games with teams outside of those made up within its own membership, unless the Directors and the Athletic Committee never cease inculcating the spirit of sport for its own sake—not merely that of winning. Very young men are apt, in the endeavor to put out a team that will beat some other club's team, to lose sight of the fact that the only healthful, enjoyable, prosperous basis on which sport can be maintained is the one of sport for sport's sake—for recreation. The physical luxury of otherwise seriously busily occupied men, not the business of winning games by men who have nothing to do but train, and no more worthy aim in life than to fill first base acceptably. We believe in Mr. Brown and his club—all health and prosperity to both!

QUITE A TEAPOT TEMPEST has been raised, and vigorously blown over the country through the press, anent the A.A.U.-L.A.W. "trouble." Only last week this Department alluded to the tendency, too generally evidenced by officers of athletic bodies, to pour into the reportorial ear sensational tales of every grievance which may arise in the course of their official work. This Department believes that officers of athletic or other bodies are elected to settle among themselves such questions as may arise in the performance of their duties, and for the welfare of the cause they are chosen to serve. We do not believe those officers serve best our interests when they take the world into their confidence and spread abroad the details of their and our business.

No reference would be made to this A.A.U.-L.A.W. "trouble" except for the number of letters I have received asking information on the actual status of the case.

THE SITUATION BRIEFLY IS: The A.A.U. and L.A.W. have an alliance whereby each respects the suspensions of the other. An athlete disqualified by either cannot enter the races of the other. This would apply equally to games or races not recognized by both. A Buffalo club applied for and received sanction from the L. A. W. for a race meet without stating that athletic events were also scheduled. Three days before the event the L. A. W. Racing Board discovered that games were to be given and that they were unregistered by the A. A. U. Now, although the letter of the law of the alliance does not actually say so, it would have been within the spirit and certainly courteous of the L. A. W. to withdraw sanction unless the games were recognized by the A. A. U. But the Chairman of the Racing Board believed, insomuch as there was nothing in the actual letter of the law of alliance to command such action, that as he had already given sanction, that as the club had complied with the L.A.W. requirements, and expended considerable money, which would be lost, to say nothing of the disappointed public, not only was the L. A. W.'s right to withdraw its sanction at so late an hour open to question, but much harm and confusion might result to the interest of the sport at Buffalo by so doing. The Chairman of the L. A. W. Racing Board therefore permitted the club to hold its races, intending to immediately thereafter suggest a conference with the A. A. U., and arrange for more detailed instruction in the laws of alliance and a more perfect union of interests.

THERE WAS NO REASON whatever for all the sensational pother that has been made over the matter. It could and should have been quietly and amicably adjusted by the proper officers of the two bodies without publicity. These "newspaper rows" are always harmful to the sport involved, to say nothing of the unpleasant personalities, flung right and left, heedlessness—wrathfully. The L. A. W. might have been more courteous to the A. A. U., but, considering the matter from all points of view, their course appears to have been justifiable; certainly it shows no vicious intention to heap indignity upon the A. A. U.

As for the talk about the A. A. U. breaking off relations with the L. A. W., and governing bicycle racing independently, nothing will result of it—but newspaper stories.

When the A. A. U. can satisfactorily govern its own especial field of athletics, it will be time enough to think of extending its jurisdiction to bicycling. If the A.A.U. had shown as much energy in dealing with the vicious elements in amateur sport as has recently the L. A. W., the New England and the Central Associations would not now be treating the A. A. U. with contumely.

NOTHING MORE SURELY INDICATES, I think, the dawning of a healthful sporting spirit—*i. e.*, a love of sport for its own sake—in this country, than the developing interest in court-tennis, racquets, and fives. True, it is not as yet a very intense interest, nor is it widespread, because of the necessary and expensive equipment, but it is in evidence, and it is increasing. It is participation in these games, and in golf, and in pleasure bicycling, which do not demand excessive training and yet give ample opportunity for the fullest physical recreation, that furnishes the strongest proof of our steady approach to the situation in England—where men do not lose interest nor entirely give up their play once they have gone down from the universities.

The several tennis and racquet tournaments that have been in progress at the Racquet and Tennis Club (New York) during the last two weeks have suggested these thoughts. Although, except in a few instances, play has not been of a high order, yet it was good, and, what is more satisfactory, very generally so. Nor did the entry list represent the total playing strength of the club. Naturally it contained only the most proficient. From the point of view of the games' growing popularity, the most gratifying evidence is furnished by the constant daily demand for the courts. This is true not only of the Racquet and of the University athletic clubs, both in New York, but of the clubs of Boston, and Philadelphia, and Chicago, and of the many handball courts throughout the United States. The next thing in order is the donation of racquet courts to their respective universities by wealthy *alumni*.

THE COURT-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP decided last week in New York furnished very fair play, and at least one exhibition of as fine tennis as amateurs have ever given in this country. It has been customary for several years to hold this championship alternately in the courts of the Boston Athletic Association and the Racquet and Tennis Club of New York. But five entries were received this year—G. R. Fearing, Jun., L. M. Stockton, and P. S. Sears, from Boston, and E. A. Thomson and Alexander Morten, of New York; and with B. S. De Garmendia, the former champion, absent, the honor was rather conceded to the Boston club even before the drawings.

As a matter of fact the championship was decided in the first round, when Fearing and Stockton met, and the latter won after five close sets of probably the best amateur tennis we have yet seen in America. The result was somewhat of a surprise, as Fearing had in practice been allowing Stockton a handicap of fifteen for a bisque. In the championship Fearing unquestionably excelled in the service, while his opponent's play off the "tambour" was brilliant. Fearing's slight injury to his wrist towards the close of the match should be taken into consideration, though it in no way diminishes the glory of Stockton's well-earned victory over an opponent previously rated his superior.

COMPARED WITH THIS MATCH the others were tame, Thomson handily defeating both Sears and Morten. In the final Stockton maintained the pace he had set against Fearing, and won from Thomson in straight sets, 6-4, 6-2, 6-2. He kept his opponent constantly at work from start to finish, and at no time was the final result a matter for conjecture. All in all, the play throughout the tournament averaged a better quality than in previous years.

THE FENCERS' CLUB IS TO BE CONGRATULATED on its efforts to arouse interest in the much-neglected and sadly distorted art of fencing, but I should offer my felicitations with greater pleasure could I detect more art and less fever of "scoring" in the competitive bouts given under its auspices. Fencing as publicly exhibited hereabouts reminds me very much of the procedure of two gamecocks turned loose by their handlers in a ring.

The combatants stand on guard for a few seconds sizing up the situation; then—a sudden mad rush, ending in a thrust, a break-away; and a diligent search for chalk marks by the attendants. Competition is, of course, the life of sport, but in fencing it seems in the majority of instances to have narrowed to a mere strife to score points by touching your opponent. Now, of course, winning points is what determines the better man in any game, and touching your opponent is, in fencing, the accepted standard of superiority. It is the method, not the end, that I deplore. Fencing is an art. One that requires combination, thought, *finesse*. Our fencers appear to ignore its best qualities, its uttermost development, for an indulgence in what may be called—to borrow from boxing parlance—its "slugging" possibilities. In other words, the art is lost to view. Such fencing would score no points on a really skilled exponent of the art. It seems to me that we are keeping the standard of our fencing on a rather low and unskilled plane by encouraging such swordsmanship. It is more like the familiar and spectacular claptrap play of the "villian" and the "ruthless avenger" of contemporaneous theatrical exhibits.

THE CHIEF NEED IS THOROUGH INSTRUCTION in the art of fencing by competent instructors, of whom, by-the-bye, there are really few. The Fencers' Club can do much, in conjunction with the League, by establishing a standard to which its awards of points should be scaled. In no other way may an accepted and, let us say national, form be established. The mere touching by any means should be discountenanced. Points should be awarded for position, combination both in attack and defence, *finesse*, and all that goes to make up the art. At present the judges are supposed to take all these matters into consideration, but they do not.

THE JUNIOR TEAM championship competition last week was pleasing insomuch as it showed the interest that brought teams from Harvard, Columbia, Yale, Fencers' Club, and New York Turn Verein. The bouts themselves were of the usual gymnastic variety, with the somewhat increased activity natural to the youth of the contestants. Some excellent material was in evidence—notably J. P. Parker, who won the Roosevelt medal for best individual performance—which under proper instruction would develop to a worthy exposition of the art. The exhibition was entertaining for what it showed in fencing skill; it was disappointing in that it revealed the possibilities of showing so much more.

Harvard won the team event by a good margin.

IT SEEMS EMINENTLY FITTING that there should be joy for "modern Athens" in the revival of the Olympic Games at its classic prototype. Rather let us, however, more correctly call it a revival of the name and idea and scope of the old games, with a migratory scene of action; for the modern exhibition will pass to Paris in 1900, and every four years thereafter to the great capitals of the world successively. These games were conceived in the spirit of furthering healthful athletic competition, and of drawing the sportsmen of all countries closer together in the protection and encouragement of the amateur.

None the less it is pleasing to dwell on the idea this year—with the scene laid at Athens to give us excuse—that it has been really a revival of the old games held, not at the old Olympia, but at a modern and equally ornate one, after an exile of fifteen centuries.

THE OLD OLYMPIA was a little plain barely half a mile from Pisa, where stood that wonderful gold and ivory statue of great Zeus by Phidias. Here every four years, for over one thousand, were held athletic festivals, from which time had been measured since 776 B.C., and that bade all the world be at peace during their periods of activity.

The new Olympia is in Athens, under the shadow of the Acropolis, and the actual site of the games was in the Stadion, restored largely through the generosity of a wealthy Grecian—George Averoff, of Alexandria.

What memories must have crowded upon those twenty-century athletes last week as they received their olive crowns made from material grown in the same grove that furnished the victorious crowns of fifteen centuries ago!

The times and measurements cabled over do not show any notable performances for our athletes; but what a historic atmosphere for battle! and where can such crown-bearing soil be duplicated!

AND THE MAJORITY OF THOSE CROWNS are coming to the United States. From the oldest to the youngest our athletes have taken the lion's share of honors; and Boston fittingly, as I say, has been the most active in their acquisition. Six men went from the Hub, four of whom represented the Boston A. A., and they have secured seven first prizes. Two first prizes went to the Princeton team, and these were won by the same man.

Judging from the times returned, the entries must have been comparatively few, and certainly the quality of athletes below the average of winners usually seen at important Anglo-Saxon track games. There seems to have been really no English entries of the first class; and outside of Burke, Hoyt, and Clark, there was no one of the Americans who could be expected to win in open games in the United States. Nevertheless, the teams contained good working timber, Garrett being probably the best all-round man of the lot.

THERE HAS BEEN BY NO MEANS the interest aroused by the games that they or the occasion or the object of it all deserved. And this was due entirely to poor management. It has been almost impossible to gain the information necessarily needed by clubs or colleges willing to join in the sending of American representatives. The handling of the entries seemed most haphazard. Information was exceedingly difficult to elicit, and unsatisfactory once secured. With such an object in view, in such an atmosphere and the wide world to draw upon, these Olympic Games should have had the representative athletic strength of nations—and they could have had—if the management had been efficient and opportune.

THE AMERICANS WON NINE EVENTS, which may be summed up as follows:

Running hop, step, and jump, J. B. Connolly, 13.7-10 metres; throwing discus, Robert Garrett, Princeton, 29.15 metres; putting weight, Robert Garrett, Princeton, 11.22 metres; 400-metre race, T. E. Burke, B.A.A., 54 4-5 sec.; 100-metre race (109.26 yards), 12 sec.; running long jump, E. H. Clark, B.A.A., 20 ft. 9 in.; running high jump, E. H. Clark, B.A.A., 5 ft. 11 in.; 110-metre hurdle-race (120.30 yards), T. P. Curtis, B.A.A., 17 3-5 sec.; pole vault, W. W. Hoyt, B. A. A., 10 ft. 10 inches. (A metre is equal to 39.371 English inches.)

In each of Garrett's winning events he defeated a Greek champion by 19 metres in the discus, and by 11.03 in the weight. Besides which the Princeton captain was second in the long jump, and tied for second in the high with Connolly. Jamison ran second in the 400-metre, and Tyler was second in the pole vault with 10 ft. 6 in.

The only remarkable performance of the games was the 26-mile run from Marathon to Athens (perpetuated to the memory of the courier who brought the tidings of Miltiades' victory over Darius), won by a Greek peasant named Louis in 2 hours 48 minutes. How exceptional this time is may be appreciated by saying that the best amateur time for 26 miles is 2 h. 47 min. 14 sec., and that was run on a cinder track. It is quite the notable performance of the year thus far.

THERE IS ONLY A LINE OF SPACE left me, but I wish to utter an earnest protest against the choice of Saratoga for the college boat-race. A protest in which all sportsmen join.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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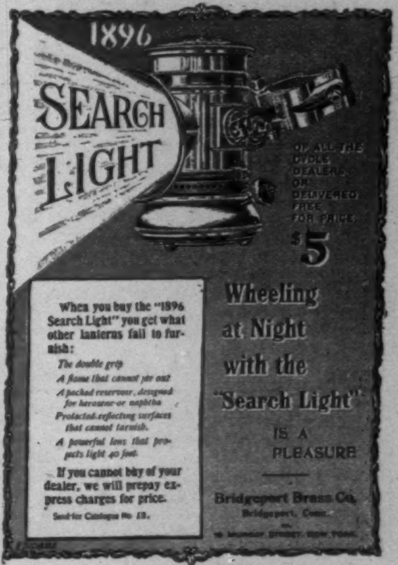

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